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JULIET KÖNIG

LIVING NAMES

Seven Builders of Johannesburg

by

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Foreword

This little book was written in the first place for children, although their elders are not debarred from reading it, if they are attracted by the human touches, which alone interest people between the ages of eleven and sixteen.

It is for the latter reason that I have omitted the great mining and financial names, which, to the man-in-the-street, constitute the builders of Johannesburg, and have chosen rather those who were driven by a spirit of adventure or the desire to serve the pioneers through the Church or to teach their children.

In preparing this work I have had valuable help from members of the families of Colonel Ferreira, Captain von Brandis, Fanny Buckland and the Rev. Darragh, as well as from several pioneers of the Goldfields.

The papers of the late Mrs. Mary Tyler Gray have provided much information, as well as old numbers of the Rand Daily Mail, the Star, the Standard and Diggers' News, The Watchman (Official Organ of the Diocese of Johannesburg), Die Volkstem, Die Vaderland, Vincemus (Magazine of the Johannesburg High School for Girls).

In some cases reference has been made to The Romance of the Golden Rand, by William Macdonald, Ex Africa by Dr. Hans Sauer, Out of the Crucible by Hedley Chilvers, History of the Discovery of the Witwatersrand Goldfields, by James and Ethel Gray and Payable Gold by James Gray.

The builders of Johannesburg came on their wagons and carts and coaches through flooded rivers and drought-stricken wastes, to a bleak and unlovely cluster of shacks in the trampled sand. Yet, despite famine and hardship and the ugliness of corrugated iron, those few, who still stand in the thinning ranks, have told me one and all, with a smiling of old eyes and a shining of lined faces, "Those were golden days!"

JULIET KONIG. Johannesburg, January, 1950.

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FRED STRUBEN.

Fred Struben

A GREAT PROSPECTOR

Fred was only three years old that day in 1854 when his mother was buried at Ladysmith in Natal, but to the end of his life he never forgot the crowds at her funeral, for she was greatly loved. His big brother, Harry, was fourteen and there were a number of other children too. Although they had no mother, their childhood passed very happily, for it was wonderful to be a boy in South Africa in those rollicking days. Harry, Alex, Fred, Ted and the other children spent much time on the Emmaus mission-station and learnt to speak fluent Zulu. Their grandmother gave them a delightful present - a farm on the Tugela River, where one day they were visited by an English geologist. Harry escorted him on his trips into the mountains and learnt from him a great deal about rocks and minerals and the formation of the old earth with its kloofs and ridges.

Meanwhile their father, Captain Struben, a Hollander by birth, married again. He trekked

with his family to Pretoria, a primitive settlement of wattle-and-daub. They lived with Captain Marthinus Wessels Pretorius, who was to become first President of the South African Republic, till their own house was built. Captain Struben began to supply big-game hunters with transport, ammunition, food and clothing and this took him on trips into the Zoutpansberg.

Harry first farmed with Pretorius, then took a job as schoolmaster at the Government School in Pretoria, till he had saved enough money to buy wagons and oxen and could pay white and native drivers. He then started a transport service to Natal and into the Zoutpansberg. The rain and wind of that wild life gave him rheumatism from which he never really recovered.

But he made money and bought several farms, among them The Willows near Pretoria, which was to be a haven for the Struben family, especially for the two famous brothers, Harry and Fred.

Young Fred had gone to school in Pretoria for a while. After lessons he would run wild round the little town, where the herds of buck roamed the streets. He shot with bows and arrows and played with clay oxen. At nine years he went to Pietermaritzburg by ox-wagon. On the way a little native boy was eaten by a lion while fetching water. After a year at school in Verulam, he visited the Free State with his father during the Basuto War and at thirteen his father took him northwards to collect ivory from the big-game hunters.

On the way home through wild country, they came upon a deserted farmhouse and helped themselves liberally to fruit and grapes. Next morning a dust cloud appeared a long way off.

"It's a dozen men on horseback," said Captain Struben shading his eyes.

They were a dozen very angry men.

"You stole my fruit!" shouted the eldest, "you'll come with us to Pretoria. The President shall hear of this. I'll have you thrown in gaol!"

"I did not realize the house was inhabited," replied Captain Struben, "please accept our heartfelt apologies and, of course, I will pay for the fruit."

To Fred's relief the angry farmers accepted the apologies and the money.

His days of freedom drew to a close once more and he went to school at Pinetown in Natal. From here on a cold winter-day Harry fetched him home by wagon. The two boys woke one morning to find that the natives had given up the struggle with the freezing weather and had gone home.

"Never mind," said Fred cheerfully, "I'll be touleier."

He was a delicate boy and it was a terrible ordeal to walk ahead of the span for four hundred miles back to Pretoria through the deep mud and the bitter weather. For the whole of the subsequent year he lay in bed with hip trouble and he limped to the end of his life.

At fourteen Fred was done with school and earning his living as a clerk in a store in Pretoria. But he loved passionately life in the

open air and soon was at The Willows, where for five years he worked with Harry. There were lung-sickness, horse-sickness, drought, hail, veldfire, flood and locusts and they supplemented their meagre livelihood by going to the Bushveld and into the Free State to exchange farm produce for sheep. On these trips they kept their eyes open and learnt much about rock formations and the way the earth was made. No one in the Transvaal Republic had any money and most trade was done by barter.

The world was alive with game. Far away in the wildest Free State they came upon a family which had lived on nothing but game for more than a year and was overjoyed to get bread from Fred and Harry. One day the two brothers came to Aliwal North with a load of ivory and a herd of oxen. The town was agog with excitement. Groups of people stood in the street, asking each other if they had heard that diamonds had been found along the Vaal.

Hastily Harry and Fred traded their ivory and oxen for sheep and returned to The Willows. They found that their brother Ted had

already gone off to the new diggings and had written home saying that they would all be rich very soon.

"I'll give you the money you need," said Harry to Fred, "you go and join Ted and I'll come later." Fred was wildly excited. He set off and joined Ted on the Vaal River and they pitched their tent and set to work.

Every morning before sunrise they and their eight natives would take gravel from a koppie and shovel it into a Scotch cart, which took it to the river a mile away. Here the natives poured water over it till all the dirt was washed off. The pebbles were then spread on trays and Fred and Ted searched them for diamonds. All day they did this, often till nine at night, but they found nothing. They were in rags and at their wits' end as to how to pay their boys and buy food.

Fred sat by the riverside. Up rode a young farmer on horseback.

"Have you heard? They've found diamonds at Vooruitzicht, the De Beers' farm twenty-five miles away!"

Fred leapt up. He called Ted and soon they had inspanned and had left the Vaal behind and were making for some big sandhills in the distance. They found a few diggers shovelling excitedly in the sand and, after pitching their camp, they rode off to find Mr De Beer and his farmhouse.

"Yes," he said in reply to their request, "you may dig on my land. But I want a quarter of the price you get for any diamonds you find."

Almost at once they began to find gems. By this time there were about forty diggers at work.

"Let's shout whenever we find something," suggested someone.

The shouts came at frequent intervals in the great silent heat. New people arrived constantly and soon there were several thousands. Now there were too many to shout. There were also too many for a camp that had no water-supply. It took three days to cart water from the Vaal.

Camp fever broke out. The sick diggers lay in their tents on the hard ground and many died. One of Fred's natives died and now Fred too was very ill.

"He will die," said the over-worked doctor, who had come to the Camp, "but he may live if you take him out of this pest-hole."

They were finding valuable stones constantly now. If Ted stayed he would be a rich man. But he did not hesitate for a moment. That very same day he lifted his sick brother tenderly on to a wagon and set out for the green freshness of The Willows.

Here in the shade and the coolness Fred slowly grew strong again. There was a deep bond now between him and Ted. Together they started farming and with Harry they did a great deal of trekking all over the Transvaal, the Free State and Natal. More and more they learnt to read the story in the rocks. One day they were all at lunch on the stoep at The Willows, when a Cape cart drew up amid a loud barking of dogs. Down climbed three men-visitors from Pretoria. They had news indeed.

"Gold has been found at Lydenburg," they told the Strubens.

There was much excited talk and soon Fred was off again. Harry and one of the visitors

bought farms in the district which was later to become Pilgrim's Rest and here Fred camped by a wooded water-course, panning gold and finding very little, but learning a great deal.

After a year he returned in disappointment to The Willows and took up farming and transport-riding once again. Coming back from Bloemfontein, his wagon and oxen were commandeered to fight Sekukuni and Fred was made aide-de-campe to President Burgers. The war ended in a defeat for the South African Republic. A little later the Strubens undertook the transport in a war between the British and the Zulu Chief Cetewayo. They did remarkable work, keeping the army supplied with food and ammunition over long distances through trackless mountains and hostile tribes. The British underestimated the strength of the Zulus and there was a terrible disaster at Isandhlwana. Fred arrived just after it. With difficulty he and Harry persuaded the British to form laagers every evening after the Boer pattern.

In 1880 Fred made his first sea-voyage along the East Coast to Europe. It was spring in England and he thought Heaven itself could not be more lovely than the fields and woods, the old villages and castles. Harry and his Irish wife and family were touring Europe. The two brothers intended visiting the United States together.

Then suddenly they read in the papers that war had broken out between the British and the Boers. At once they returned to South Africa. Because of their lifelong friendship with both nations they would not take sides, so they waited in Durban till peace was declared.

Then Harry made for Pretoria. He found his children half-starved on the meagre rations of war and The Willows wrecked. He had brought from overseas a brick-and-tile-making plant for his farm. This Fred now set up at Isipingo, where he made ornamental bricks and flower-pots. After Harry had helped install it, he returned to Pretoria and lost seventy-six oxen in a blizzard at Paardekop. All over the country this happened to farmers that fearful night. Harry managed to

reach The Willows, where his oxen and boys were commandeered for the campaign against the Chief Mapoch.

The drought was bad and the times were dark for the Strubens. Fred had taken part in the Barberton gold rush and done badly.

"Let's sell up and go to New Zealand or Australia," suggested Fred, but no one wanted to buy their farm. So he trekked into the Waterberg and prospected for a year among the ancient workings in the hills.

The Witwatersrand was a bleak ridge of koppies on the High Veld. Here among the kloofs lay Wilgespruit, the farm belonging to Louw Geldenhuys. Louw Geldenhuys made a trip to Barberton and noticed that the gold-bearing reefs there were very like some of the rocks on his farm. He had heard of Fred Struben and that he was a very clever prospector, so off he went to The Willows.

"Will you come and visit me at Wilgespruit?" he asked Fred.

Fred was only too keen. He spent some days at Wilgespruit, walking among the kloofs in the December heat.

"That is certainly gold-bearing rock," he told his host.

The following month he was back. He began prospecting on the farm Sterkfontein nearby and found a very small amount of gold in the rock he panned.

All through the autumn and the winter he continued prospecting at Sterkfontein. Harry bought both Sterkfontein and Wilgespruit and they called Wilgespruit Cliffendale.

September the 18th, 1884 was a clear spring day. Fred was tired. He had been tramping over rough ground since breakfast and it was hot between the steep sides of the kloof. He looked up.

"Something tremendous happened here in ages past," he thought, "an earthquake or a volcanic eruption."

As he looked it seemed as though a small voice deep within him said, "Perhaps whatever it was forced the gold to the surface just here."

Quickly he climbed a few steps upward and looked closely at the side of the kloof. Sure enough a reef of rock cut right through the displaced layers. Chipping off a little, he took it down to the stream, placed it on a flat rock and hammered it to pieces. Then he put it in a pan, poured on water and swilled it round.

A thick layer of yellow dust coated the side of the pan. With trembling fingers he pushed it together. It made almost a teaspoonful.

"It can't be gold," he breathed, "there's too much of it."

As quickly as he could he made for his tent and, crouching on the ground, tested the dust with chemicals. "Gold!" he gasped.

He stood outside his tent. The kloof opened out before him and the grasslands stretched away endlessly into the great loneliness. After the long years of effort and hope and disappointment he could not believe that he had really struck a reef of great richness. And yet, as he stood there, a wild excitement filled his heart and he saw a vision of a vast industry,

work for thousands and thousands of people, a city, a great golden future!

"The Confidence Reef", he muttered, "I'll call it the Confidence Reef."

Sitting on his stretcher he wrote a letter to Harry with shaking hands and called a native and sent him careering with it across the veld to Pretoria. He wanted Harry to come and see.

Harry came. Fred searched and dug day and night, feverishly following up the strange banket reef. It consisted of white pebbles embedded in rock, which the old people had called banket after the sugar almonds which the children ate. Gold had never before been found in such a formation and many people warned the Strubens that they would lose their money.

For Harry bought and leased farms wherever Fred found the banket. Fred wrote to his friend Godfray Lys in Pretoria, who gave up his practice as a lawyer and joined the Struben brothers at Cliffendale. They traced the reef for twelve miles and found gold all along it.

In the following winter Harry invited a number of Volksraad members, mining-experts and well-known Pretoria citizens to meet him on the tennis-court behind the Union Club in Pretoria. On a table lay many pieces of gold-quartz and a dish of quartz that had been crushed, so that the thick yellow dust lay at the bottom.

Harry stood by the table and told his audience about their finds on the Witwatersrand. Everybody was intensely interested. A bottle of champagne was opened and the health drunk of the new reef. Harry had made a trip to the goldfields in the Eastern Transvaal to see what a gold-crushing battery looked like, for they could not go on crushing the rock by hand. He ordered a five-stamp battery from England. Many months later it arrived and was brought by wagon from the coast.

It was erected in a kloof on Cliffendale. The Strubens and Godfray Lys knew very little about machinery and the battery did not get as much gold out of the rocks as it should have

done; still it was a great improvement on the old methods.

The winter nights had been chilly and Fred and Godfray Lys were anxious to have a shack built. One day two tramps came over the koppies and asked for work. They were George Walker and George Harrison. After building a shack for the two friends, they crossed the veld to build a house on a farm called Langlaagte for the Widow Nellie Oosthuizen.

As yet, despite Harry's demonstration on the Pretoria tennis court, people had not realized the importance and richness of Fred's discovery.

Then one day, in February 1886, George Walker, the carpenter, stumbled over a piece of the banket reef which showed above the ground on Langlaagte. He told George Honeyball, nephew of the Widow Oosthuizen, of his find. Honeyball rode to Cliffendale to show Fred a piece of the outcrop.

Fred was having his after-dinner nap, but Lys at once saw that there was gold in the sample. Back he rode with Honeyball to Langlaagte, where he saw that the outcrop was only one of a

reef which appeared again and again uphill and downdale for a long way.

George Walker was very angry that Honeyball had given him away. He tramped to Potchefstroom and tried to raise £60, which was the sum the Widow Oosthuizen demanded of him for the right to mine on Langlaagte. George Harrison had remained behind prospecting and he seems to have gone to Pretoria during this time and proved he had found payable gold, for many years later a "zoekers-claim" was found among old papers in the archives and this was granted only to a man who had discovered a payable goldfield.

We want to know very much just who first discovered gold on Langlaagte, for the reef here is part of the Main Reef of which Fred Struben's Confidence Reef was just a little tributary. Many people have claimed the honour of discovering the Main Reef and we will probably never be quite sure who it was.

Fred Struben went on prospecting for five years in the kloofs of the Witwatersrand, while the goldfields were proclaimed and the people

flocked to them from the four corners of the earth and the empty plateau became a mining-camp and the mining-camp became a town.

Harry lived on at The Willows. He imported pedigree cattle with the money he had made and did much to improve farming. After Johannesburg became a town, he did useful work on its public bodies to improve conditions there. In 1890 he went to Cape Town and built at Rosebank a lovely house called Strubenheim, where he died in 1915 at the age of seventy-five.

Fred returned to England at the age of thirtyseven. Throughout his long life he kept paying visits to the Rand, where he saw the great city arise as the result of his lonely and toil-wracked years.

Ignatius Ferreira

A GREAT SOUTH AFRICAN SOLDIER

Grahamstown was a pleasant sleepy little place in the forties of last century. Young Ignatius Purdon Ferreira went to the Wesleyan Grammar School. With his school-books under his arm he would watch the red-coated soldiers riding through the streets to quell one of the ever-recurring native risings. As soon as he was old enough he joined the Border Police Force.

Away he rode into the wild country of the northwestern Cape to deal with a rebellion among the Hottentots.

He went farming in the Adelaide District and at twenty-two married Danie Baltrina Erasmus. Their first two children, Purdon and Dollie, were born while they were still in the Cape. But Ferreira's was far too adventurous a spirit to care for the calmness of farmlife in the early seventies. One day he came home and said to his wife, "Diamonds have been found on the Orange River. We'll trek."



COLONEL IGNATIUS FERREIRA.

So they loaded the children and all their possessions on the wagon. With them went their friend, Sam Wemmer. They were among the first diggers to arrive and they pegged out a large part of Du Toit's Pan and the old De Beer's Mine. However, they had failed to secure proper legal title and had to give up their priceless claims.

It was a great disappointment. Once again they loaded up and trekked to Pilgrim's Rest, where men were finding gold in small quantities by the riverside. Ferreira established a regular postal service from here with another pioneer, Henry Nourse, at Barberton, where the goldfields had brought much traffic.

Soon, however, the Ferreriras moved to Middelburg, where Sam Wemmer set up a business and Ferreira farmed once more. Peter was born and Bennie, Aletta and Desserious. Their father was chosen as Field Cornet. When war broke out with the Bapedi Chief, Sekukuni, he was put in command of troops raised to garrison a fort.

It was a disastrous campaign and Ferreira lamented the cost to the Republic in oxen, horses and money. Soon after this the British annexed the Transvaal and inherited the quarrel with Sekukuni. Ferreira raised the famous Ferreira's Horse and was daily consulted by the British Commander-in-Chief, for he was one of the greatest experts in guerilla warfare among a nation of fighters. The natives called him Umtakati, which means roughly "the wizard with the charmed life".

At length Sekukuni's stronghold was taken and the Chief gave himself up to Ferreira in person. No one ever understood the native mind better than Colonel Ferreira. Once he sent his eight-year-old son, Peter, with a guard of natives to convey his greetings to Sekukuni. The little boy left at eleven in the morning. By three in the afternoon he had not returned. Anxiously his father began to watch the road.

"Was I wrong to trust Sekukuni?" he pondered and his heart smote him as he thought what might have happened to his son.

At about four o'clock however he saw a far-off dust-cloud. It was Peter, tremendously proud of himself and unable to stop talking of all he had seen. He brought his father two large karosses and ten head of cattle as a gift from the Chief, who, just as the old campaigner had thought, had been greatly flattered by the white man's sign of trust.

In the following year Ferreira took a leading part in the war against Cetewayo and then helped Sir Gordon Sprigg against the Basuto. For a time he was in charge of the Transvaal Mounted Police and led them in quelling more trouble on the South West African border.

Then the whole family moved to Pretoria. Ferreira went to Rustenburg where diggers were looking for gold in the Crocodile River. One day a rumour reached him. It was said that a very rich gold strike had been made on the Witwatersrand. Once again he set off in his wagon. Leaving his family in Pretoria in a house next-door to that of the President, he made for the Witwatersrand together with Sam Wemmer and the latter's brother-in-law.

His wagon was one of the first to reach that wide bleak plateau after the rumours concerning the gold discovery had got about. The Reef came to the surface here and there in an outcrop of grey rock in which were embedded little white pebbles, looking like sugaralmonds and called banket.

Ferreira halted his wagon on the boundary of the farm Turffontein, with the front of it facing the rising sun and here it stood for months, while other wagons arrived and outspanned near him.

So began Ferreira's Camp. From here with his pick and shovel he walked through the grass and the sloods, chipped at the outcrops and filled his pockets with little bits of banket.

Then he mounted his horse and rode over the plain to Pretoria. Having greeted his wife and children, he went next-door to see the old President.

Oom Paul was on the stoep. He said. "Dag, Neef Naas," and they sat together and puffed at their pipes, while the maid brought coffee.

The Colonel put his hand in his pocket and brought out the samples of banket.

"See, Mr. President," he said, "I found these on the Witwatersrand. I have come to ask if you will proclaim it a public goldfield for this gold belongs to the Land and the People."

Oom Paul held the stones in his hand for a long time. The Transvaal was very poor and could do with the gold. Looking up he said, "We will consult with the Volksraad, Neef Naas. And meanwhile you shall proceed to the Witwatersrand and keep law and order there in the name of the Republic."

Oom Paul had a deep understanding of men. He knew that great riches would lure people from the ends of the earth and that among them would be many tough customers, who would need an iron hand to keep them in order. He knew too that this big handsome soldier with the black beard and commanding presence was the right man to see to justice in such a place.

And he was right. The personality of Colonel Ferreira dominated Ferreira's Camp

from the first and he kept order without difficulty among the riff-raff of all the world.

As he rode back after seeing the President, he passed the farmhouse at Orange Grove and came through the kloof on the farm Doornfontein, where a mud-brick homestead stood under a few trees. Far below in the great loneliness of the gathering night lay three clusters of tents. The eastern one was the camp of the Jeppe brothers and Jan Meyer, which was to become known as Natal Camp, in the centre was the tent of his friend Sam Wemmer and to the west his own.

By the time he reached his wagon it was dark. He lighted a dung fire and was joined by Frank Wolhuter, who had just arrived, and Fred Barber, after whom Barberton had been named.

"Good evening Colonel Ferreira," said Wolhuter, "hope you don't mind our joining you at your fire. There's no fuel and it's cold."

"You're very welcome," was the cordial reply. The Colonel ladled out beef from an iron pot. There were no forks and knives and the

men cheerfully ate with their hands and talked over the day's luck.

Early next morning Ferreira went out with pegs and a surveyor's chain and marked out the ground. The same was happening at the other camps. Soon he had acquired a dozen or more claims. With the help of natives he commenced to dig a trench and open up the Reef.

Wagons kept arriving. Captain von Brandis had been sent by the President to represent him. On a clear morning in September he stood on a whisky-box some distance from Ferreira's Camp and read aloud the President's message proclaiming the goldfields as a public diggings. In the afternoon Ferreira climbed high up on his wagon-chest and read the same proclamation to a small group of diggers.

They listened to his powerful voice and soon the news spread. People arrived in their hundreds by wagon and cart, on horseback and on foot. For the first time the coach left its regular route from Potchefstroom to Pretoria. Its passengers found Ferreira's Camp a busy place. Tents, wagons, primitive shanties of reed and

clay were scattered over a wide area, with people driving about in Cape carts searching for the Reef, which could not been seen on the surface, so that no one knew where to dig.

But they all pretended to know. Men talked and boasted round the fires at night and everyone lived on the very peak of hope. Someone would inspan his cart, fill it with pegs and dash away.

"Ah!" thought all the clever people, "he's found something."

Off they would dash after him. But he would sidetrack them and slip away and peg where he really fancied there was gold; or else a friend, who had stayed in camp, would do so for him.

Meanwhile Ignatius Ferreira worked his claims and brought his family over from Pretoria to join him. They lived in a tent, which, together with his wagon, was the hub of the Camp.

It was on the wagon that the Colonel sat every morning, dispensing summary justice and listening to complaints. The Camp grew at an incredible rate. Piet Zeederberg, who owned, a

famous line of stagecoaches, built the first hartbeeshuisie and after this they sprang up everywhere. Every night the Ferreira's in their tent would hear the sound of hammering and would find next morning yet another house, which had been erected in the night of sheets of iron and wood, that had been brought up from the coast by wagon.

One day a farmer brought a load of produce and sold it by auction. He received such colossal prices that he sold his oxen too and left the wagon standing outside the auctioneer's premises with instructions that it too should be sold. Ten days later he returned to see what it had fetched.

The whole locality had altered. The wagon was surrounded by shanties and had to be taken apart before it could be moved.

Ferreira's mine, which had been a mere slit in the earth, grew deeper and wider. It was directly next to the Camp. There were only a few streams and wells to supply this ever-growing community with water and these dried up in winter. People emptied their rubbish and

slops outside their tents and it was necessary very soon to supply the camp with proper health services.

So it was decided to elect a Diggers' Committee. The people became tremendously excited over the election. Ferreira, too was standing for the Committee. He hired a sandwich-man, who carried a calico poster through the crowds bearing the legend:

VOTE FOR FERREIRA - THE MAN!

He was chosen with the largest number of votes and, together with other successful candidates, was mobbed by his supporters and drawn through the Camp on Cape carts. A halt was made at every canteen and there were plenty! The successful candidates had to keep standing drinks all round. It was an expensive celebration for Ferreira and his fellow-members.

Meanwhile it was decided that a triangular piece of ground called Randjieslaagte, adjoining the farm Turfforitein, was to be laid

out as a village, where the diggers could build their homes. The village was christened Johannesburg. Gradually many of the tents and shacks and corrugated-iron buildings were moved from Ferreira's Camp, across the stream rising near the swamp where Kazerne Goods Yards are now, to the new village, for it was found that the Reef ran under Ferreira's Camp.

It was a busy time for Ferreira. He helped to build the new prison. and dug the well beside the oneroomed corrugated-iron courthouse.

Then came Johannesburg's first Christmas. The cheerful devil-may-care mob of diggers determined to have a good time, so they appointed a committee to make sure they did. The popular Colonel Ferreira was Chairman. It was decided to celebrate with Sports and a Race Meeting. A race-course was mapped out on the Natal side of the Camp and here the meeting was held during Christmas-week. There were all sorts of sideshows along the course, darts and cocoanut-shies and shooting-ranges and the children ran about among the grown-ups and enjoyed themselves tremen-

dously. Next day there were sports with flat-races, high jumps, hurdles, a three-legged race and a tug-of-war between the Transvaal and all comers. The Transvaal won.

One morning Ferreira was walking through the dust and dirt of Commissioner Street, when he saw a crowd gathered round a wagon. A native had tried to mount it while it was moving, had slipped and fallen under the wheels.

"Where's the District Surgeon?" demanded Ferreira.

"Here he comes!" called someone.

Dr. Hans Sauer was a big burly man. Ferreira and others helped him place the unconscious native carefully on a stretcher. They carried him to the gaol to which a mud-and-wood room had been added as a hospital. The poor fellow lay in great pain for several days.

Ferreira had built a wood-and-iron house in Main Street. One day he and his family were at lunch, when there was a knock.

In walked Dr. Sauer.

D'you want to kill all your visitors?" he demanded, "I nearly fell into the open well next to your house."

"Sorry," apologized Ferreira, "I'm having it covered. Anyway, the Main Street has been swept, which you must admit is an improvement."

"About time," growled the Doctor, "anyway I've come to talk to you about the injured native. I'm afraid I'll have to amputate his arm and there's no one to help me."

"I'll help," said Ferreira getting up at once.

They went to the dark little hovel and here Ferreira administered the chloroform, while the doctor performed the operation. In a few weeks' time the native was about again. Dr. Sauer was so impressed with Ferreira's skill, that after this he frequently enlisted his help during operations.

Johannesburg was a year old when President Kruger visited the goldfields. It was a great occasion and Ferreira was on the committee which received and entertained him.

Soon after this a troop of blesbok invaded the town near Booysens. Ferreira, among others, shot one and brought it home to his wife as a welcome change for the children from the eternal trek-ox. He was an extremely busy man and had not much time to devote to his family, but he loved his children, Aletta was six years old at the time. Every day he took her with him to see his racehorses in their stables. There were six of them. Mariner, Peter and Firefly became famous as the winners of many races.

Daily he used to go to his mine to superintend the loading of the ore on to a Scotch cart, which was then drawn by mules to a stream on the site of the present Sans Souci Hotel. He always rode alongside the cart to the five-stamp battery he had erected at the stream. Water was needed to wash the ore after it had been crushed at the battery. It was one of the camp's greatest problems that water was to be found only at a distance of some miles from the mines.

Sir Drummond Dunbar, a friend of Ferreira's, often accompanied him on these rides and sometimes he took the Dunbar children along on

his Cape cart to picnic by the battery. The Colonel would join them and eat pies and drink ginger-beer and enjoy himself as much as any one.

There were very few women and children in the town and the children led a lovely carefree life. However, their elders decided that Johannesburg badly needed a school. Ferreira was present at a meeting called to discuss this matter. He offered to sell the Government a piece of ground for the school and assured the meeting that there was no gold on it and that no one would suddenly want to dig under the building as happened very often in those early days.

The years passed. Despite his success as a man and a citizen, things did not go too well with Ferreira, for he was essentially a soldier and not a man of business. The Ferreira Mine, which had become one of the great goldmines of the world, had passed into other hands, as had other mines in which he had been interested. A long time had gone by since the

finding of the gold and the old soldier was in great straits.

Johannesburg had become a big town. Colonel Ferreira was weary of the rush and fever of the goldfields. He went off into the Zoutpansberg, where, amid the hills and the bush he loved, he settled on his farm Kranspoort, thirty-five miles to the west of Louis Trichardt. Here he farmed with his sons and was visited by his children and grandchildren, who came by train from all over South Africa and then rode on donkeys across the rough track from Mara Siding.

One night four of his little grandsons were sleeping in an outside room, when one of them awoke to hear a lion roar nearby. He pulled the blankets over his head and did not breathe for about five minutes. Next morning, very early, he woke the others and told them what he had heard. They laughed at him and were still laughing at breakfast-time. They were sure he had been dreaming.

"Oh no," said Grandfather Ferreira, "he's quite right. A lion was near the house last night."

The boys followed him and the old hunter pointed out to them the great spoor in the sand. They were strangely impressed by this incident, the heat and quiet of the Bushveld morning, the tall old man with the soldierly bearing and healthy sun-tanned face - legacy of long happy years in the open air. He was a silent man and never spoke of his younger days.

In his hospitable house at Kranspoort, Ignatius Ferreira lived out his declining days with his wife and Lydia, a European housekeeper, who had been with them for many years.

The end came on May 13th, 1921, when he was eighty-one. A great many people came to see him laid to rest under two pepper-trees on his farm, while a company of ex-soldiers from the districts of Pietersburg and Louis Trichardt accorded him military honours. Among the mourners were many natives, since, despite his prowess in native warfare, he was the friend of

every chief and counsellor in the Northern Transvaal. His was a long and useful life and his name will be remembered as long as men tell the story of the founding of Johannesburg.

Captain Von Brandis

THE GOLDEN-HEARTED LANDDROST



CAPTAIN CARL VON BRANDIS.

Young Carl von Brandis was writing a letter. He sat at a window of the Cadets' Institute in the German town of Hanover. Nobody knew about the letter - not even his parents.

Carl was not yet seventeen. He had been at the Institute for two years and was tired of the routine and the dullness. He wanted adventure.

Weeks passed and Carl went home for the holidays to the family-estate near Burgdorf, where he had been born in 1827. It was here that one day he received a parchment envelope with the coat-of-arms of the Royal House of Austria at the back. Someone wrote on behalf of the Emperor of Austria saying that His Majesty had received Cadet Carl von Brandis' request to enter the 19th Hungarian Infantry Regiment and that he was to join it forthwith on the Danube.

Carl was delighted and his father understood his feelings very well, for he himself had fought in company with his own father against Napoleon under the Duke of Wellington.

So Carl went to Austria and from there to Italy. He was twenty-nine years old, when one day, while on leave, he met a certain Baron Stutterheim, who offered him a company in the German Legion, which was a British-recruited force. Von Brandis joined his new company on the island of Heligoland - at that time a British possession. He obtained Queen Victoria's commission and so became an officer in the British army. The Crimean War broke out between England and Russia and Von Brandis fought in it and was wounded in the leg with a bayonet, which caused him to limp to the end of his life.

After the Crimean War the German Legion was disbanded. Meanwhile across the sea in far South Africa, the British Settlers at the Cape were having serious trouble with the natives. The Government in Britain called for volunteers to go to the Cape and help the Settlers protect their farms and cattle. Captain von Brandis, as he was now, offered his services together with his entire company. They were gladly accepted, and sailed for the Cape.

For a long time he served in the Border wars and grew to love this land of veld and forest and mountain range. He did not want to go back. He married a Miss Hohne and they had four children, Maria, Eddy, Lena and Janie. The wars were over and Captain von Brandis found himself in the Orange Free State as Chief Constable and Private Secretary to President Marthinus Wessels Pretorius. In those days Winburg was the capital of the Free State and before long Von Brandis was the Landdrost of the town.

Seven years later he went to Pretoria, where Pretorius was now President of the South African Republic. For a while he was clerk to the Landdrost of Marthinus Wesselsstroom, now Wakkerstroom, then he became Public Prosecutor and later he took the same post in Lydenburg. He served in the First Sekukuni War and was Landdrost of Middelburg during the Second Sekukuni War.

Back in Pretoria he became clerk to Dr. Jorissen, the State Attorney. War had broken out between the British and the Transvaal.

Captain von Brandis knew that a British contingent under Colonel Anstruther was about to be attacked. He warned the Colonel, who refused to listen and marched straight into an ambush at Bronkhorst Spruit. Soon a hundred-and-twenty men lay dead and dying in the dust under the thornbushes. Captain von Brandis rode up with his men and worked for hours in the heat, bandaging and holding his drinking-flask to parched lips and speaking kindly words to the dying. His heart was heavy within him for good lives uselessly sacrificed.

Five years later came the discovery of gold. President Kruger looked around for a suitable man to send as Gold Mining Commissioner to the new diggings. He thought of the German in Dr. Jorissen's office, who had such a good record of public service. He sent for him and ordered him to go to the Witwatersrand, taking with him Jan Eloff as Assistant Commissioner. Captain von Brandis accepted the post. His wife and three of his children were to follow him later. His eldest daughter, Maria, was at the Cape with her grandparents.

A tin office was being built for him when he arrived, but as it was not finished, he and Eloff and all their papers were housed in a tent.

In front of this tent on September 20th, 1886 about 500 people had foregathered. Captain von Brandis climbed on to a whisky-box. There was silence as he read the proclamation in its stilted official language. As he folded the paper he said, "Full justice will be done in giving out claims. One will be respected as much as another. I have only one clerk to help me." Here he put his hand on Eloff's shoulder; "I ask therefore for your forbearance, gentlemen, until things are in order."

The diggers cheered him loudly for everyone liked this courtly fine-looking man with the square beard. His duties would have crushed a lesser man. He had to see to all matters connected with mining and look after the health of this disorganized community of diggers, living in tents and shacks and even in holes in the ground with tarpaulins stretched over them. The rush began the minute he

alighted from his whisky-box. Everybody began to line up at the table by his tent, since all were in a great hurry to get their licences allowing them to peg claims.

For many weeks Von Brandis and Eloff sat at the table filling in forms. Their papers lay in the wind and the rain.

"One at a time gentlemen!" h would call, "no pushing please. Mind my papers"

Then aside to Eloff he would say, "If only they would finish the office! I wish I had never accepted thid job"

His voice, however, remained unfailingly courteous and pleasant and gave no indication of the disappointment he felt over his working-conditions. At night the table was pushed into the tent and he slept on top of it with Jan Eloff underneath, and very uncomfortable he was, especially as he was a good bit longer than the table. After these sleepless nights he had an area thirty miles in length to control and visit, to settle quarrels and prevent crookery. At the same time he kept the records up-to-date, filled in licences and listened to disputes.

One day, while sitting at the table, he saw a distant dust-cloud. Everyone dived for shelter. "Hold the papers!" shouted Captain von Brandis flinging his arms across the table.

But it was too late. Behind him the whirlwind lifted the tent into the air while it scattered the papers in space. The diggers scrambled for them and many wEre brought back but more were lost.

"There'll be some sorting to do after this," sighed Von Brandis, stowing them in files and boxes, "and big gaps in the records too."

He looked longingly at the men who had resumed work on his one-roomed office nearby. Colonel Ferreira was there too shouting orders into a well he was digging outside the new office. At the same time Ferreira was building a gaol of mudbricks with a thatched roof.

"The prisoners will be more comfortable in their thatched gaol, than you in your corrugated-iron office," he remarked to the Captain.

At last the office was complete and Von Brandis moved in with his growing staff. Already on the first day it proved too small. Captain von Brandis rode to Pretoria to see the President.

"It is impossible, Your Excellency," he protested, "I cannot fill in licence forms and hear court cases at the same time. We must have a Landdrost on the goldfields."

"You shall be Landdrost," came the reply, "and Jan Eloff shall take your place as Mining Commissioner."

And so Von Brandis became Special Landdrost over the whole of the Witwatersrand Goldfields. This he remained for many long years, earning everybody's respect and affection, so that in later years white haired pioneers, who disagreed on every other point, united in speaking of him with an inflection of the voice as a thoroughly good man.

His life was not easy. Repeatedly he sent telegrams to Pretoria asking for more assistance, until the Government objected to so many telegrams being sent. He explained that

by this means he could hear a courtcase and at the same time correspond with the Government. He had no time to write letters. The Government officials in Pretoria did not realise the rapidity with which the Rand was growing. They questioned his requests for additional inkpots and pencils. Von Brandis, inserting his pen at the same time as Jan Eloff, the Claim Inspector and a clerk, sighed deeply and said, "How can three inkpots be enough for twelve people? I feel it is not unreasonable to ask for more."

He wrote a letter to this effect and got the inkpots. He wrote a letter too saying it had been suggested that the new village on the farm Randjieslaagte, on which plots were shortly to be sold, be named Johannesburg. Meanwhile his family arrived by coach from Pretoria. The Captain met them and led them through the dust, round shacks and over guy-ropes to the tin shanty which stood near Fordsburg Dip and served as a Court of Law. Here they were to sleep for the time being, while Captain von Brandis and Mr. Eloff

sought shelter elsewhere. It was not very comfortable for Mrs. Von Brandis, a stately and dignified woman, looking very like a larger edition of Queen Victoria. But the young people loved it. There were dances and luncheons for the Von Brandis family, new mines were christened to the accompaniment of picnics, while bottles of champagne were broken against the shafts by the wife of the Landdrost, who soon took the whole camp under her motherly wing.

In the first week of December crowds gathered on Randjieslaagte. The auctioneer's name was Joost Heystek. He stood on a box and called out the stands, selling them for as little as a few shillings a piece.

"I've bought Stand Number Four for ten guineas," announced Captain von Brandis to his wife at supper that night.

"When can we begin building?" she asked.

"The sooner the better. I don't like eating this way any better than you, my dear."

For they were sitting on packing-cases round an open fire. The house was completed after

many months. It stood at the corner of Kerk and Smal Streets facing Von Brandis Square. The Von Brandises moved in. Immediately, under the influence of the kindly Landdrost, it became a home and a haven to many pioneers. Under his guidance too Johannesburg was developing from a disorganised mining-camp into a respectable village. All places of business were closed on Sundays and gambling was forbidden. The farmers trekked in, ranged their ox-wagons down the side of the Market Square and sold their produce for very high prices.

Fillis's Circus came and the diggers gathered in the big tent and cheered the pretty ladies on horseback. For there were very few women and each one that came was more than welcome. As soon as a girl arrived there were queues of men wanting to marry her. Often the parents would not give their consent. It was no uncommon thing for girls visiting Lena and Janie von Brandis to waylay their father in the passage and whisper, "Oh, please Captain von Brandis, won't you marry John Smith and me?"

"How old are you, my dear?"

"Eighteen."

"Well then get your parents' consent, child, and I'll be only too pleased."

Then the girl would shed tears and go home and wait to grow old and sensible enough to marry.

The old gentleman enjoyed officiating at marriages and rarely failed to kiss the bride.

At all parties and entertainments the Landdrost was a familiar figure with his morning-coat, flat-topped light hat, light trousers and his lame leg. Johannesburg was determined from the start to enjoy itself. There was the Quadrille Club, which held a dance every fortnight with about sixty women to five hundred men and a Mutual Improvement Society, which mutually improved itself by means of concerts and debates. And then there were Rugby matches. One between Johannesburg and Pretoria called forth the comment, "No serious accidents took place during the game, nor were there any displays of bad temper."

Captain von Brandis was very interested in sport and was Chairman of most of the clubs.

One day a man fell down a mine-shaft and broke his thigh. He was carried to the gaol and the gaoler looked after him as well as he could. But he died of blood-poisoning. More diggers were injured and became ill and there was nowhere for them to go. Mrs. von Brandis and other women were kept busy dosing and bandaging, but generally a sick digger was left to the rough kindness of his friends. The gaol was always full and could accommodate no more sick people.

A meeting was called and Captain von Brandis told the diggers that the Government was prepared to contribute £500 for a hospital.

"It is a generous sum, Captain," said the Chairman, "but of course, we need more."

Next day Mrs. von Brandis and the wives of many prominent diggers set off with their subscription lists. They climbed over dongas and walked through long grass, knocked at the doors of tin offices and asked men working in

open trenches, "How much will you give to the new hospital?"

The money came in. Captain von Brandis put up a temporary wood-and-iron hospital measuring twenty by sixteen feet and the prisoners from the gaol looked after the sick. They were usually drunk and the whole arrangement was very unsatisfactory. Constantly the Landdrost wrote and worked with subscription lists, until after two years the building of Johannesburg's hospital really got under way. He could hardly have foreseen what a wonderful part the modest little building was to play in the city of the future.

In every way Captain von Brandis was the foundation citizen of Johannesburg. Through him the various churches asked the Government for land, which was so readily granted. He acquired ground for a cemetery. He had a Sanitary Inspector appointed to deal with open drains, cattle that were slaughtered in public and the waste that was left to rot in the sun. He faced up to the problem of keeping the big unwieldy community, which had sprung up

overnight on this dry plateau, supplied with water.

First he had a dam built for the cattle between the fountains on Braamfontein. The people were delighted and went swimming there among the cows and ducks, which was pleasant enough but did not serve to make the water very appetising for drinking. But by the time Johannesburg was two years old, Mrs. von Brandis was laying the foundation-stone for a reservoir in the kloof above Doornfontein.

It was a lovely spring day and a crowd of a thousand guests collected in the beautiful mountain gorge looking out over Doornfontein, Jeppestown and Natal Camp. A grotto with a fountain playing in the centre had been built to please the guests. It was a delightful sight to the eyes of householders, who had been used to passing their bath-water down from father to son and through three or four brothers and sisters to the baby, after which it was used to lay the dust outside the house.

In a brilliant speech Sir James Sivewright painted a picture of what water would do for Johannesburg. He spoke of goodly plantations and gardens. The listeners smiled at each other.

"I'm afraid he's too optimistic," murmured Mrs. Von Brandis under her sunshade and her husband nodded.

Mrs. Von Brandis was greatly in demand as a chaperone and would send her spider-and-pair all round the camp to pick up as many girls as possible to take to the hall or marquee for the frequent dances. Then she carefully forgot all about them and left them to be happy till the dance was over, when she collected them again and had them driven home.

When the first winter set in in 1887, the women and girls thought the nights would be very dark and dull in the uncomfortable little shacks. But the men came to the rescue, organising dances and concerts in big rooms and half-built stores.

One afternoon Mrs. von Brandis and her daughters were at a women's tea-party in a marquee, when someone asked, "Could'nt we

do something to entertain the men in return for all their kindness?"

"Let's have a picnic at Struben's Waterfall," suggested somebody else.

Home they went and set to work baking and cooking on open fires and makeshift stoves in their long stuffy dresses. On the great Saturday Mrs. von Brandis rose very early and sent a native with great baskets of food, as well as buckets and kettles and sawed up packing-cases for firewood, to the livery stable. Here a trolley was heavily laden with contributions from every woman in the Camp. Two Coloured men drove off to the picnic-place.

The party followed in all sorts of vehicles, Mrs. von Brandis leading in her smart spider. Many were on horseback. They arrived at the waterfall, but there was no sign of the trolley. The ladies sat under trees; the men stood and sighed, for it was hot and there was only water to drink. It was nearly three o'clock before the trolley turned up, since the Coloured drivers had lost their way. However, the belated meal was sumptuous in the extreme. It had to be

packed up in a very great hurry for they were caught in a deluge and arrived home soaking wet but very gay and happy. Five months after the Proclamation President Kruger paid his first visit to Johannesburg. Very early a huge crowd gathered outside the Landdrost's office, where the finishing touches were being put to a triumphal arch of greenery and flags. Captain von Brandis, very cheerful and greeting everybody in his friendly way, received Oom Paul on a temporary platform outside his office. The horsemen had taken up the best positions and the people on foot could not see. They kept on cheering, while the Landdrost read the address.

Indignantly Oom Paul called out, "Behave yourselves! Less noise please! "

The President visited the goldfields for the second time on Johannesburg's first birthday and complimented the Landdrost on the efficient and loyal manner in which he had carried out his duties.

But the most exciting visit of the State-President to Johannesburg was in March, 1890.

The people of Johannesburg wanted the vote, but Oom Paul was afraid that his small nation of Boers would be swamped by the thousands of Uitlanders streaming in to work on the mines. On this occasion he listened to the Uitlanders expressing their grievances on the Wanderer's Grounds and then went to Captain von Brandis's house to spend the night.

It was getting dark. Captain von Brandis and his wife and family, the President and some other guests were having dinner. Mrs. von Brandis was just about to dish out the soup, when a rumbling noise, which had been coming nearer and nearer, suddenly broke into a roar. There were shouts and loud voices calling, "We want the President!" "We want the vote!" Suddenly an officer of the Staats-Artillery came into the room and whispered something to the Captain. The President stood up to go outside, but Captain von Brandis laid his hand on his shoulder and gently pushed him back into his chair.

"Please don't go," he begged, "Your Excellency is my guest."

Out he went while the guests began on the soup. In the gathering shadows the crowds had already pushed over the palings round the big garden and were right up against the stoep. They had torn down the Republican flag from the flagstaff. A dozen of the President's bodyguard were lined up behind the Captain with their fingers on the triggers of their revolvers ready to shoot.

A great shout greeted the grey-haired Landdrost. Then there was a tense silence. He spoke in English: "Gentlemen, President Kruger is my guest. He is in my house tonight. I have always heard that an Englishman's home is his castle. The President is an honoured guest in my home tonight. I know you do not wish to hurt me or injure my property, but you must respect my household and so I want you all to disperse quietly."

Then he looked down at the garden at his feet. "What on earth are you boys up to? Here you come into the garden and trample down all my wife's flowerbeds and when I go inside she'll make a great rumpus!"

The crowd laughed and laughter kills anger. Someone shouted "We're awfully sorry, Captain!"

Then everybody cheered and began to sing "For he's a jolly good fellow."

In the dining-room the guests heard the noise. Mrs. von Brandis got up and swept outside

"Will you all go home at once and stop this noise?" she demanded.

So they all did very meekly and in silence. A few stayed and hammered the fence back into position and regretfully picked up the little plants. The bodyguard put away their revolvers and helped. And so ended what might have been a tragedy, but for the tact of the golden-hearted Landdrost, as he was often called.

By this time Maria was married and living at Lydenburg with her family. Sometimes they came to visit Grandfather von Brandis and would spend a few happy weeks in the big house on Von Brandis Square. Once Maria's nine-year-old Charles wandered off just after their arrival and lost his way down at the far

end of the town. Everybody searched for him. Finally his grandfather called out the Z.A.R.P.'s, the Republican police, to help. They could not find him, but young Charles, at eight in the evening, managed to find his own way back. By that time he feared retribution, so he lay down under a fruit-tree in the garden and went to sleep. Here his grandfather found him and everybody was so relieved that nothing happened to him.

One day a minister called on Van Brandis and said, "I hear you wish to sell your house. May I buy it for the Wesleyan Church?"

"There is no truth in that rumour," replied Von Brandis, "but you may have first option on it and if I ever do decide to sell it, you may have it for £8,000."

"May I have that in writing?" asked the clergy man.

"My word is my bond," said the old man, "it is not necessary to have it in writing."

Years passed and the neighbourhood grew so noisy, that Captain van Brandis decided to move. By this time the property was worth

double the sum mentioned to the minister. But Von Brandis, true to his promise, sent for him and let him have it for £8,000. He built a new house on Hospital Hill at the corner of Twist Street and Pietersen Street. There it stood away across the open veld.

"What's the matter with Captain Von Brandis?" people asked each other, "he's gone to live on a farm!" He neither drank nor smoked, although he did use snuff, but people were always giving him boxes of cigars as presents. Often he called young Charles, his grandson, grown-up now, into the study of his new house. He would take a handful of cigars out of a box, put them in the young man's pocket, button his coat over them and say in a whisper, "Don't tell Grandma."

At a time when national feeling ran high the old man was beloved by Boer and Briton alike. He hated to imprison people for debt. When a debtor was able to pay he would rub his hands in delight; when he was not able, he as often as not paid the debt himself. He had a great reverence for womanhood and would pay their

finances so often that he impoverished himself and his own family. Once when he was puzzled about a case, he made two men go out into the street and fight it out themselves. He was not above admitting that he had made a mistake and once tore up a copy of a judgment he had given, saying, "I made a mistake. I will try the case again."

In the war of 1899 to 1902 he remained at his post, a father to his people, caring with especial tenderness for the women and children of every nationality and race. Sadly he prepared to hand over the keys of the Landdrost's office to the Commander-in-Chief of the British forces, Lord Roberts, whom he had met long ago at Pilgrim's Rest. Lord Roberts seized his hand and said, "Dear old friend - keep the keys and remain at your post."

During the closing years of his life he was Registrar of Births and Deaths. He went to the office every day until the day he died at seventy-six.

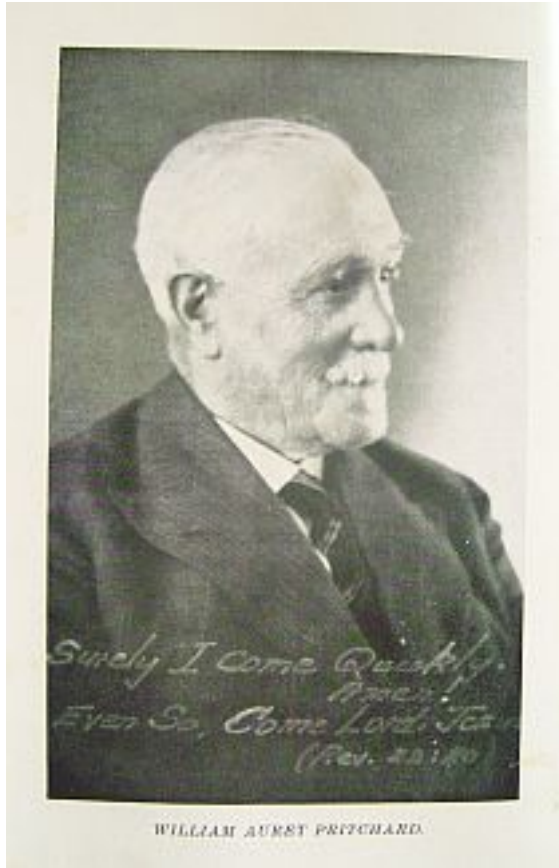
For a generation the life of the Rand had revolved round him. No better man has ever lived in Johannesburg.

William Auret Pritchard **SURVEYOR AND EVANGELIST**

When Napoleon was a prisoner at St. Helena, one of the little English children who played about Longwood, was Charles Pritchard, whose father was Colonel Pritchard, an officer of the garrison.

Charles grew up and went to the Cape, where he married Johanna Hermina de Villiers. He became an auctioneer and settled finally at Beaufort West.

Here on January 13th, 1861, was born William Auret Pritchard. He grew up very happily in the primitive little Karroo dorp. The only link with the outside world was the post cart, which arrived once a week from Cape Town. His uncle had a sheepfarm in the district. The overseers were two old Coloured men, who had been slaves in their youth. Young Auret spent much of his time with them and owed to them many happy hours, so that even as an old man he would speak of them with affection and esteem.



He learnt what he could at the village school and at fifteen said goodbye to his family and made the journey to the Diocesan College at Rondebosch, which is affectionately called "Bishop's" by its old pupils.

It was wonderful to be a schoolboy in the Cape Town of the seventies. During the week to be sure there was the usual routine of Latin and Chemistry and Mathematics familiar to schoolboys the world over. But the weekends and the short holidays brought mountain climbs and rambles up Platklip Gorge and adventurous tramps to Cape Point, when there was always the possibility that night might overtake one and necessitate one's sleeping in the open with the South Easter raging overhead.

There were football matches and visits to the homes of boys living in and near Cape Town - lovely cultured homes under old oaks, with unforgettable meals at long mahogany tables and dignified mothers in crinolines, making one feel welcome and happy and one's friend's pretty sisters smiling from behind the coffee-pot. There were picnics at Camps Bay among the green

shrubs and the silver-trees and the sugarbush and bathes in the warm waters at Muizenberg.

Then suddenly he was a boy no more; all the gay irresponsibility slipped away and he had to consider how he was to earn his living.

Auret decided to be a land-surveyor, for he was good at mathematics and loved life in the open air and he knew there would be a great deal of work for him in this new and expanding country.

His brother Charles had a farm called The Level near Harrismith and here Auret went to live. Charles, too, was a land surveyor. His wife was Louisa, a sister of General Botha, who very often visited this busy and happy family. Louisa was a most capable woman, who ran the farm in order to set her husband free for his work.

Auret now spent the happiest years of his life, doing a little farming, going far afield on surveying trips with his brother, camping under the stars and hunting among the vast herds of blesbok and springbok, which grazed on the untouched uplands.

Two years passed and he returned to the Cape to take a few more surveying examinations. He was now about twenty-one. Then he trekked to the district of Fraserburg near Verneuk Pan, where he practised for three years.

It was early in 1886 that he moved to Vryburg in Bechuanaland, a tiny village in a dry and desolate country known as Stellaland after a great comet which appeared at that time. Auret lived in a tent and with him lived the district's leading advocate and a genial Irishman, who was the District Surgeon. They were all in perpetual good spirits, despite their abject poverty. Auret never had any money. One day he went to the little shack, which served as a bakery, and asked for a loaf of bread.

"Not till you pay my bill," said the baker.

Auret shrugged his shoulders. He sauntered through the one street feeling a little sorry for himself. Then he rubbed his eyes, for his friend the doctor was coming towards him driving five goats through the village.

"Do you think herding goats will pay better than medicine?" asked Auret.

"This is my fee," explained the doctor, "the fellow, as usual, had no cash."

"I wonder if the baker will take a goat in return for the bread," pondered Auret.

Very probably the baker had no choice. The doctor frequently walked ten to twenty miles to a case and was nearly always paid in kind.

However, life was very pleasant in the sociable little place. The women paid afternoon-calls and if their friends were out, would write their names on the front-door with white chalk, which they carried in their handbags for the purpose.

July of the same year found Auret in the rough diamond-town of Kimberley, where the air was thick with dust and the mud-huts and tin shanties stood higgledy-piggledy about the veld. Everyone he met told him the same thing.

"There's a fellow called Alexander going to pan some gold tomorrow at the livery-stable. Says he found it on the Witwatersrand in the Transvaal."

On the following day Auret crowded into the yard of the stable, together with the rest of

the Camp. It was very hot and dusty. Scores of men in dun-coloured shirts and riding-breeches and big felt hats with yards of muslin wound round the crown, jostled each other and craned their necks, as Mr. Alexander, standing on a table, pounded the ore, poured water on it and swilled the pan around.

Then he held it up and they all saw the yellow streak round the side, which meant gold!

It was as though an electric current passed through the crowd. Men talked together in shrill excited voices. Aurret listened with shining eyes. Then he went out into the sunshine and wandered restlessly all day through the straggling unmade streets. He could not get it out of his mind - that glistening streak round the side of the pan.

Evening came and he returned to the rough iron boarding-house. He could not eat and at first he could not sleep, but after a while he slumbered uneasily and dreamt a strange dream.

Before him rose a great mountain. Hundreds of diggers hurried up it shouldering their packs and their picks. They stopped and began hacking at the ground, opening up prospecting trenches here, there and everywhere. Suddenly they were gone and at his feet was an enormous gaping hole like the Kimberley diamond mine. It shone with a strange glow and when he looked down, he saw far below the pebbly golden floor of an ancient ocean and hundreds of diggers working at it with picks.

With a start he woke up. The moon was shining in at the window, full on his face.

By the time morning came he had decided to go in search of the mountain of his dream.

The next day but one he was off. He had harnessed three horses to a Cape cart. It took him seven days to cover three-hundred-and-nine miles, which was good going. The track was one long string of vehicles of every kind. There were ox-wagons and mule-wagons and donkey-carts and horse-carts and traps. People rode by singly on horseback or piled high in

families on wagons, perched on their household goods. At night he outspanned and the dark veld was aglow with campfires. Aurret would stroll from one to the other. No one had any clear picture of where they were going. He heard a small boy ask his father, "What will the Witwatersrand be like?"

"I daresay it will be a green valley with a river running through it," guessed the bearded man with the firelight on his face.

"Not green Jim," another corrected him, "black I should say - black volcanic rock."

"And we'll shovel out the gold in buckets," remarked a dreamy voice.

Aurret was silent. Before his inward eye rose the mountain of his dream with the great hole yawning upward from an ocean-bed of glittering gold.

On he drove his three horses through the dusty days and chilly nights, till he came to the pleasant little town of Potchefstroom, with its trees bare in the wintry drought. Here at the Royal Hotel he rested himself and his horses for two days. The place was busy with northward

bound gold-seekers and he sat talking to them on the stoep of the hotel.

He left Potchefstroom on a bright winter morning. The road led over flat veld with koppies rising here and there, brown and bare. Once or twice he passed through a kloof and here he watched closely the conformation of the land.

Passing through a nek about fifty miles from Potchefstroom, he reined in his horses. Far away and misty with distance lay a low range of grey hills. He gazed with beating heart for he knew it was the Rand. On rattled the wheels over the pebbles and under the tremendous arch of the sky. Aurret felt puzzled and a little anxious for there was no sign of the mountain of which he had dreamt. A tent loomed out of the distance and he made for it with growing excitement.

Two men were sitting on packing-cases. One smoked, the other chewed tobacco.

"Good morning!" called Aurret, "could you gentlemen perhaps tell me where the mountain of gold is?" The shorter man, obviously an

American, stopped chewing and spat into the sand.

"There ain't no mountain here and where the gold comes from only the Almighty knows."

"No mountain! " exclaimed Auret; he had been so sure of his mountain. Then he noticed that the shadows were lengthening.

"I suppose I would'nt get there tonight." The pipe-smoker spoke for the first time.

"If Neef will go on for two more miles he will come to a farm where I think they may put him up tonight. Another gentleman went on there an hour ago."

Auret thanked them and drove on. It was dark by the time he saw a light and came upon a little farmhouse under the leafless peach-trees. He reined in and went on to the stoep. Someone opened the door.

"Well I'm blest! Auret Pritchard!" called a voice out of the room, where a number of men, women and children sat round the supper-table. Up rose a man with whom Auret had studied surveying years ago in Cape Town.

"Fancy us meeting in this out-of-the-way place!" exclaimed Auret shaking hands.

"It's no such wonder. All the world's trekking up to the Rand."

The farmer rose from his chair and came round the table.

"Good-evening, Neef. Yes, certainly, we will be glad to put you up tonight. Sit down and eat." Auret did so gratefully, after shaking hands all round. The lady of the house nodded at him above the flaxen heads of the children. She placed a pile of meat and pumpkin on his plate and handed it to him without speaking. As Auret looked into the old lined face, he saw that she had been crying. The family ate in silence, while the Oubaas and Auret's friend talked. Auret gathered that the old man had just given someone an option of purchase on his farm.

"Oom seems to have given it to him at a very low figure," said Auret.

"You see! " cried the old woman, laying down her knife and fork, "you see, Father! I said so. Now I must leave my house and my

garden and the graveyard where Sannie lies and Triena and Ouboe and my sister and my cousin Klaas and you will not even get a good price for it all."

She put her hands over her face and wept. Auret grieved for her.

"This is the other side of the picture," he thought and he thought, too, of the long hard life she must have led and how in her old age she must move on and away from all she loved because men were greedy for the gold hidden underneath the little High Veld farmhouse. In the icy dawn he was on the road again. The sun rose in glory and bathed the brown empty world with light. Now he was among the ridges. Many little streams coursed over the rocks. Since those days men in their stupidity have burnt the vegetation away from the kloofs and in winter we seek in vain for the glistening water Auret Pritchard saw then. To him, however, it was quite clear why this had been called the Witwatersrand by the Trekkers.

But where was his mountain? His horses were blown and tired and suddenly Auret

realised that he had been climbing gradually higher and higher and that these ridges were the summit of a great plateau.

"I'm crossing it," he breathed, "I'm actually crossing my mountain of gold!"

It was getting late and the cold wind hurled dust into the air on this dismal Saturday evening, August 22nd, 1886. The three weary horses plodded up the sand track, as far and wide the camp-fires twinkled through the gloom. It was useless to look for a sheltered spot to outspan, for there was none to be seen. He would light his fire right here, cook something and try to get warm.

But there was no fuel. Here, however, was an anthep. He knocked the top off it and managed to set fire to the inside. Soon it gave off a great heat and his pot stood on top with the remains of a buck he had shot the day before. This was on the spot where the "Star" newspaper office now stands.

After kneehaltering his horses he sat down to eat. Then he rolled his blanket round him and lay down under his cart. It was a freezing night

and poor Auret slept very little. As soon as it grew light enough, he was up moving his stiff limbs. He had never seen a place quite so bare and treeless. Nothing except grass grew on this wind-blown emptiness, where stood some scattered tents and wagons and here and there a mud hut. He was hungry but there was no place to buy food. A cheerful man at a dung fire, whom he asked, directed him to a wagon owned by a Mr. Jackson, a pedlar, who had arrived with some bread from the Free State on the previous day. Diggers clustered round the wagon, glad of a change from their mealiepap and meat, although the bread was so stale that only the strongest teeth could bite it.

There appeared to be about eighty men living in the tents and wagons. At Jackson's wagon Auret met several he knew.

"It's Sunday," he said, "there's no chance of going to church, I suppose."

"Oh yes," replied a friend, "the Reverend du Toit is coming from Pretoria to preach at Langlaagte." The Rev. S. J. du Toit was Superintendent General of Education for the

South African Republic. Langlaagte was the farm where the outcrop of the Main Reef had been discovered six months before. Auret rode over with most of the camp and found the dignified old gentleman, with his dark beard, standing under a willow-tree. The diggers sat on the grass around him and listened as he spoke in simple kindly words on the text, "And the gold of that land is good," which he took from the second book of Genesis, verse 12.

On the following morning, when Auret awoke, there were many more wagons and people than on the previous day. People arrived in a constant stream. Auret walked about and saw everywhere small groups of miners working in creeks and in open cuttings in the earth, with the tents and shanties in which they slept close at hand. Soon he had pegged out his claim and was busy too, digging and chipping and crushing the ore.

Mr. Edgson had opened a store, measuring twelve feet by twenty and built of corrugated-iron. Here all the camp went to hear the latest news and here, too, men bought and sold

claims. Every week a native runner brought the post from Pretoria. It was emptied into a wooden box in Edgson's Store and anyone who expected letters was allowed to tip the box on to the grass and search for them.

"Hallo, there are letters for you at Edgson's," was a familiar greeting on the straggling tracks between the tents.

Winter passed and spring came and more and still more people arrived to use up the meagre food and water supply and churn up the dust. One night Auret awoke to the welcome sound of rain on the tin roof. He became conscious of a monotonous drip on his blanket, drew his mackintosh on to his bed and settled down to sleep again. Now the rain splashed merrily on to his face. He put up his umbrella and slept peacefully till morning, when he found his floor swimming in liquid mud and the landscape without grey with low-hanging clouds and people moving through ankle-deep slush, wearing sacks over their heads.

It rained a great deal that first summer. One night he awoke to the sound of knocking on his door.

"Let me in, Pritchard, old chap; my house has just fallen in on top of me."

He opened his door to a rueful face plastered with red mud. Soon he had his friend dressed in his own clothes and sleeping on a makeshift stretcher of planks on the floor. It was no uncommon thing for houses to collapse in the rain.

Auret had come to the goldfields to dig for gold. Before long, however, he realised that a digger with his pick and shovel and pan would get nowhere on this vast Reef. These were not like the shallow river diggings of Pilgrim's Rest and Barberton. Here the gold dipped down, down, down into the dark earth and it would take thousands, even millions of pounds to mine it.

So he decided to make use of the fact that land surveyors were greatly in demand and set up in his own profession.

By this time there were numbers of surveyors on the Rand. They were very angry to hear one day that they were to receive less pay and they decided to strike. For a few days Aurret hung about doing nothing. Then a friend came to him and said, "We are all to go to Pretoria. The President wishes to see us."

Everyone was heartily bored doing nothing and enjoyed the drive to Pretoria in Cape carts and traps. Some very pleasant days were Spent at the Capital. Not only were they entertained to luncheons and dinners, but they were given five guineas for every day they were there. They returned to Johannesburg delighted with the generosity of the President and Volksraad and heard no more of having their fees reduced.

A great many people were already living in Ferreira's Camp, when it was discovered that the gold reef passed underneath it. So the Government decided to shift the new village from Ferreira's Camp to Randjieslaagte, a three-cornered pece of "uitvalgrond" between some farms. Aurret and his friend, Joseph de

Villiers, were asked to survey what was to be the centre of the new town.

"Make as many cross-streets as you can," were the orders they received from PreUoria, "we want large numbers of corner-stands."

The reason for this was that the corner-stands were only half as big as the inside stands and fetched higher prices. They were used for bars and canteens and were greatly in demand. Indeed there was a bar on every street-corner in early Johannesburg though it is doubtful whether they were much patronised by Aurret Pritchard for he was a deeply religious man and an evangelist.

"I am a preacher," he once said, "and I survey to pay my way."

He surveyed too in the early days the village of Paarlshoop, laying it out with spacious streets and squares in the cultivated lands of the farm Langlaagte, where the Main Reef had first been found. This might quite easily have been the site of modern Johannesburg.

As it was, however, Joseph de Villiers had laid out the town in two strips, one from

Commissioner Street to President Street and one from Bree Street to Noord Street. In between these strips was a mine with its shaft where the Law Courts now stand in Von Brandis Street. Auret was asked to lay out the strip where the mine was.

Tramping over the stubble and the rough grounds with his instruments, he found to his horror that the streets of Mr de Villiers' two strips did not join up in straight lines.

"I'll continue the cross-streets from President Street," he decided, "and then at Bree Street I'm afraid there'll be a kink in the streets which cross it."

Every Johannesburger to this day knows that uncomfortable corner in all the streets crossing Bree Street. It is a memorial to the difficulties of the old time surveyors in this strange town that grew and grew faster than the town-planner could keep pace with it. De Villiers and Auret Pritchard were told that they could take their payment in cash or in land.

"I'll have the cash," said Auret. "This place won't last long. When the gold is worked out the land will be valueless."

But De Villiers chose land and in a few years' time he resold it and made a mint of money. By this time Auret realised his mistake and that Johannesburg had come to stay. Hastily he bought property in this town, now about five years old and looking like other towns after twenty times that period.

It was now that he married Elizabeth le Roux, who came from the Cape. They had two sons, Charles and Percy.

Many mistakes were made in the pegging of claims and there were many opportunities for unscrupulous surveyors to profit by such mistakes and keep valuable ground for themselves, which by rights belonged to their clients. Not so Auret Pritchard. He often pointed out to owners of claims that they were entitled to more ground than they had pegged. He never became very rich, for he gave most of his money to the poor and spent the rest on his two sons, who became doctors.

President Kruger was his very good friend and from him Auret acquired some land for a home for hoboos of whom there were a great number. At first this was run by Father Kelly and known as Kelly's Home, where the town's down-and-outs were always sure of a sandwich or a blanket when in need. Gradually it developed into the great Rand Aid Society of to-day.

The South African War brought a sad problem for Auret, since he was half-English and half-Afrikaans and had an Afrikaans wife. He could not take sides, but accepted a post in charge of a Concentration Camp, where he worked night and day to alleviate the distress of the women and children. He used his tape and theodolite to set out his tent-sites properly and refused to dish out rations with the flies crawling over them, but every day, together with willing helpers from among the tent-dwellers, wrapped each parcel of food neatly in paper before handing it out. He was, of course, completely bilingual and would go to the Church of England

in the mornings and the Dutch Reformed Church in the evenings.

When peace came he returned to Johannesburg and took up once more his work in the survey office and his unpaid work among the poor and unhappy. No single person ever knew of all the kindness shown to others by this man. A regular meeting of old women was held in one of the poorer quarters and here he constantly sent blankets and groceries. He was essentially a man of prayer and soon his quiet strong personality became known all over the Union, for he frequently toured the country-towns and solitary places, preaching and conducting prayer-meetings.

For many years his wife was hopelessly ill. To the friend who nursed her, he left some semi-detached houses in his will for he never forgot a debt.

One day he was surveying a mine, when he was taken ill. Leaning against a stope he felt he was dying and prayed with deep fervour for healing. Quite suddenly he felt well.

"I learnt then to trust God for my health," he explained later.

After this he founded the fellowship of Jehovah Ropheka - God the Healer. They met and prayed for the sick and the circle is still in existence, consisting of over a hundred members, scattered all over the country. Many claimed to have been healed by his prayers. The daughter of the woman, who befriended his wife, was cured of heart disease. Another woman hobbled into his office on crutches and walked out without them, after having been paralyzed for a long time.

He found great solace in his work as Elder of the Baptist Church as the years went by and life became sadder. His wife died and one of his sons was missing after the Blitz on London. The other became Medical Officer of Health for St. Paneras. In his office in Permanent Buildings a little pair of baby shoes belonging to one of his sons was a familiar object to the people who went in there on business. Above it hung a large photograph of his mother.

And so Aurret Pritchard went on living in Johannesburg all his long and useful life, surveying the farms and mines and suburbs, which make up the Golden City and its environs, for fifty-nine years in all. On the town's fortieth anniversary there was a great revival of interest in the early days. He gave many lectures then on his memories of the mining-camp. He would stalk into the lecture room a genial and kindly figure of those far-of days, in a white shirt with a red kerchief round his neck, a slouch hat, knee-breeches and leather leggings, while under his arm he carried a pan for washing gold.

He took part in the argument concerning the finding of the Main Reef and believed firmly that George Walker was the discoverer.

Even after he retired he kept visiting his office. He believed that the reef running between President and Bree Street was rich and could be mined with safety.

During the Second World War he started a prayer-meeting in his office for all who suffered in it. Often he was sent for when people were

dying, for his strong and often dogmatic manner gave men and women a sense of confidence.

On his eightieth birthday a dinner was held in his honour. Someone proposing a toast, said, "I have the greatest respect for Mr. Pritchard, but look at the main streets of other South African towns, how broad and spacious they are! And why is Pritchard Street so narrow? And Eloff Street and all the city's principal thoroughfares?"

Mr. Pritchard rose and replied, "You should be very grateful that Pritchard Street is as broad as it is. This was never meant to be a city. I was told to lay out a mining-camp and divide it into stands. A stand was intended for a tent and a wagon beside it. The alleys between were to be wide enough to let a wagon through. Despite my instructions I made them a little wider than that. So you see how fortunate you are."

On May 13th, 1947, he died in a house in Turffontein, a kindhearted and generous old man. It is as Digger Pritchard that the city he helped to build remembers him.



John Darragh

THE PRIEST WHOM ALL MEN LOVED

"He was a dear man," says the little old lady who was a member of St. Mary's parish, in the days of the first Rector, the Reverend John Darragh, "we all loved him, especially the children."

"He was a fighting Irishman," exclaims the old Churchman. There is a contemplative look in his eyes and he no doubt is remembering many a set-to at parish meetings.

His is one of the names, which brings a smile to old lips and a light to wrinkled faces. The eldest of a family of seven, John Darragh was born on December 8th, 1853 at Castle Finn, in Donegal in the north of Ireland. His father was a poor man, owning a small flax farm, who found it a hard struggle to educate his children.

John helped him by studying hard and winning a scholarship, which took him to school in Armagh, from where another scholarship enabled him to go to Trinity College, Dublin. He did brilliantly, eventually becoming a Fellow of

Trinity. For a while he was curate of Grangegorman in County Dublin and was made a deacon by the Bishop of Meath.

Meanwhile, in far South Africa, Kimberley was a wicked rollicking diamond town, where every Saturday night the people rolled drunkenly down the Du Toit's Pan Road, squandering their pay in the canteens. It was greatly in need of fighters for God - men of the stamp of the fiery John Darragh.

And so it came about that he was sent to South Africa. After being ordained priest by Bishop Webb in Bloemfontein, he proceeded to Kimberley. He found a large scattering of houses standing higgledy-piggledy all over the veld. Mr. Darragh was appointed Curate of St. Cyprian's under another warm-hearted Irishman, Canon William Thomas Gaul, who afterwards became Bishop of Mashonaland.

The next six years were crammed for John Darragh with the hardest physical and mental work. There were about 4,000 people in Kimberley who should have been attending his church and who had been regular churchgoers

before they came to the diamond-fields. In the race for wealth, however, they had forsaken God for Mammon, so that only a quarter of them came to Church regularly now. About six hundred children belonged to the churchfolk.

These youngsters were taught by Canon Gaul, who also took daily services, visited the hospital and did all the financial work. It thus fell to John Darragh to do the parish-visiting. He had to see all the sick in their homes and also look after the mission school of St. Cyprian's for Coloured people.

"The time left is given to the faithful," he wrote, "though my heart yearns for the straying sheep."

The visiting alone was heavy work. Sometimes he spent six unbroken hours at it, calling in all that time at twenty houses. In an eighteen-minute visit he had to listen and advise and comfort with his eye on the clock all the time. He might have to console a woman who had lost a child in a diphtheria epidemic and at the same time try to get in a visit to a man, who was growing rich organising a gang of little boys to

steal diamonds for him. He had to walk long distances in heat and dust and waste time finding out where people lived, for there were no streets; the little iron houses were unnumbered and all looked alike. His difficulties were added to by the fact that a householder, if he tired of a certain locality, could pick up his entire house and carry it to a more select neighbourhood. It is small wonder that it took him three months to pay one visit each to a hundred families.

Now gold had been found on the Rand and the Anglicans there wanted a minister. The first Christmas came and Bishop Bousfield, of Pretoria, was able to tell them that President Kruger had most generously granted them two stands at the very heart of the goldfields. To this day indeed all denominations are still grateful to Oom Paul for the readiness and broad-mindedness with which he invariably granted land for religious worship, quite irrespective of creed.

John Darragh was called from Kimberley to take charge of the immense district of the Witwatersrand. On a wintry day in August, 1887,

the Kimberley coach pounded across Market Square with a blowing of horns and a clatter of hooves. It drew up outside the coach-offices and out bounced the burly thirty-five-year-old Irishman, broad of shoulder and splendid of physique and boundless of energy. Several churchmen had come to meet him. John Darragh shook hands with them all - in fact he shook hands with everybody within reach whether they had come to meet him or not.

At once he threw himself into his life's work. Every race and every tongue were represented among the people of early Johannesburg. John Darragh served all alike - Englishman, Afrikaner, Jew and Gentile. If they were unhappy or poor they were of importance to him, for he served the Father of them all.

His first service he held in a store at the corner of Commissioner and Harrison Streets with the people sitting on planks. Then he turned his attention to the descendants of the Voortrekkers living on farms around the mining-camp. Owing to the great distances a predikant rarely visited them. John Darragh

would sally forth at dawn to some faraway farm on his Cape cart. The children would come running out to meet him. With the youngest on his arm he would shake hands with the farmer and his family and all the neighbours who had had word of his coming and would then preach to them in Hollands, which he spoke fluently but ungrammatically, for he had picked it up through the spoken word only.

There was a small community of Greek Christians living in Johannesburg. One day one of them came to him and said, "I wish to get married, your Reverence, and have come to ask if you will perform the ceremony since we have no Achimandrite of our own."

"I must get permission for that from my Archbishop and from your Patriarch," explained Mr. Darragh.

The Greek community was too poor to afford its own priest, and Mr. Darragh was readily granted permission by the two churches to perform marriages and baptisms for them.

To do this he had to learn modern Greek. He was a considerable Greek scholar and therefore

it was easier for him than for most men, but it entailed long evenings of study after exhausting days of tramping through Johannesburg's dust and heat. He learnt the liturgy and the elaborate and beautiful ritual of the Greek Orthodox Church and so was enabled to serve yet another section of Johannesburg's mixture of populations.

How he worked! An overworked doctor once said to someone, "I am not a member of your church, but I take off my hat to Mr. Darragh, because wherever I go to visit the very poor I always find Mr. Darragh there. I have a great respect for him."

One night he was called out and led through the tempestuous and windblown darkness, over the broken ground and past open wells, to a shack where a miner lay dying. In the candlelight the man offered him a red handkerchief into which had been tied a quantity of gold nuggets."

"But this is stolen gold," protested Mr. Darragh. He knew that many of the diggers stole gold they took from the mines and sold it.

He went on gently, "The church, my friend, is not a receiver of stolen property." There was silence in the little shack. Then the man's friend, standing at the head of the bed, caught the Rector's eye.

"For his sake, sir! " he begged.

"The church will take it as it takes all gifts," said John Darragh, "in the spirit in which it is given,"

And so the poor troubled soul was able to go home without the terrible burden of guilt.

The first Church of St. Mary's was built at the corner of Eloff and Kerk Streets. Here he preached his fiery sermons to crowded congregations. One day he asked a carpenter to make some benches for the new church. The man was already busy on the job, when Mr. Darragh came rushing into his workshop on the Saturday morning before Easter Sunday.

"The Church-bells have come," he announced breathlessly, "and now you must build me a belfry at once for the bells must ring in Easter Sunday tomorrow."

"Tomorrow!" gasped the carpenter, "what about the benches? It's impossible, Mr. Darragh."

"Nothing's impossible. Not to a man as good at his job as you are. Never mind about the seats. We'll sit on planks a bit longer. But the bells must and will ring in our first Easter in the new Church."

No one could resist John Darragh and his honeyed Irish tongue. The carpenter set to work with two assistants and one of the churchmen. All afternoon they worked in the dusty iron shed and far into the night. No one had time to eat, although Mr. Darragh's housekeeper came round with sandwiches and tea.

By a quarter-to-twelve that night the belfry was up and the bell in position ready to be rung, and Mrs. Deecker, a woman journalist and prominent churchwoman, was there to ring it. So the Reverend Darragh had the satisfaction of startling the mining-camp from its sleep by the bells ringing in the Easter of 1888. His housekeeper had coffee ready and everybody

dispatched it with relish before stumbling home to bed.

Hardly had he started the Church for Europeans in Johannesburg, than he turned his attention to the Bantu. He visited them on the farms in the vicinity and they loved him as much as everybody else did. Soon he had started a native church beyond the Wemmer Mine. It had no seats and no floor and when it rained the congregation was washed away. This became the Bantu mission of St. Cyprian's. Father Shaw became the mission priest in the following year. To reach the church two mine compounds had to be passed and often he and Mr. Darragh had to run the gauntlet of sticks and stones in tribal fights. Mr. Darragh founded also a Bantu school at St. Cyprian's and the Church of St. Alban's for the Coloured people. He started, too, a school for the children of St. Mary's parish, for which he wanted to secure a first-rate teacher. When Miss Ross came out from Somersetshire to take over the post, he hoped to forestall the fact that, in common with every attractive woman, who appeared on the goldfields, she would immediat-

ely be snatched up and married. So he persuaded her to sign a contract that she would not marry for three years.

Within three months, however, he found himself paying back her passage money to the parish. For John Darragh had married her himself. A very gracious woman she was, and of a serious disposition, in contrast with his Irish exuberance. They went to England on their wedding-trip and on their return lived in two little inconvenient galvanized-iron cottages on the present site of St. Mary's Cathedral.

It could not have been easy to keep house for this generous and warmhearted man. The Darragh household was monastic in its bareness because he never kept anything for himself. A prominent parishioner and his wife once called on Mrs. Darragh during one of Johannesburg's worst depressions. She received them in her quiet and dignified way and was obviously much disturbed about something. Finally it came out.

"John is sometimes rather trying," she explained, "he went to the bank this morning to

cash his monthly cheque and came back without a penny. He had given it all away."

It was a grievous loss to him and his little daughter Sheelah, aged two-and-a-half, when Mrs. Darragh died. Someone had to look after them and Mrs. Darragh's cousin, Miss Lloyd, came up from Durban and cared for them lovingly for the rest of her life. She was a calm and wonderful person, who, in her unassuming way, turned the drab little house into the happiest of homes, doing at the same time, without any fuss or bother, an immense amount of hard unselfish work in the parish.

John Darragh was forty-three when he lost his wife. From this time onwards he suffered from a painful form of heart-trouble. He slept badly too, yet never spoke of his ill-health and very few guessed at it, least of all his own little girl to whom he was the most delightful father any child ever had.

One day he visited a woman parishioner, who had a large family of small children. He listened gravely to her talk of teething and bottles and how to wash woollies and gave her

so much intelligent advice, that she asked with great admiration, "But how do you know so much about these things, Mr. Darragh?"

"I'm a mother myself," was his reply.

And he certainly was to Sheelah. It was a treat for them both when nobody else needed him and they could be alone at home together. The house was warm with happiness, despite the fact that he invented a story about two burglars, who took one look at it and then decided not to bother with it, one of them saying, "There ain't nothing worth pawnin' 'ere Bill."

On Saturday mornings Sheelah used to sit in the bathroom with him and watch him shave. Together they would sing:

"Oh my darling,

"Oh my darling,

"Oh my darling Clementine!"

He would beat time with the slap-slap sound of his razor on the strop. The lather flew about and however hard Sheelah tried she was soon slippery and wet with soap. Miss Lloyd, saintlike and patient, would have to change her

into a dry frock before they had even got as far as breakfast.

Sunday afternoon was the time for funerals. John Darragh would take Sheelah to the cemetery with him and here she would play while she waited for him to take her home again. This is how a grown-up Sheelah remembers those quiet hours:

"In that great garden where St. Mary's faithful sleep in sure and certain hope, he used to leave me among the flowers until his work was done. There were large fields of cosmos flowering there in red and pink and white. Sometimes I could hear his beautiful voice reciting that most splendid song, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life,' and I shared his sense of triumph and home-coming - another friend past the dark river and welcomed by the trumpets on the other side."

He loved children. Often there were Sunday School picnics and a lorry-load of them would go to Orange Grove or Auckland Park. He would see them off with a smiling of his kind eyes and

a wave of his hand, but he could seldom go along. He was far too busy.

He did not want to be too busy for Sheelah however. In later years people recalled the big man going on his visits, holding the little girl by the hand. And she would help him wherever she could. Sometimes indeed she was very useful.

"You must stop drinking tea, Mr. Darragh," said the doctor, "it does your heart no good at all."

"How can I do that?" flared up the Rector, "can you see me sitting high and dry on a chair, trying to get to know a newcomer and yet refusing to drink her tea? And what about brides? Imagine me refusing tea when a bride wants to show off her new tea things?"

So Sheelah took over the duty of secretly drinking his tea, when the hostess was not looking. One day a visiting clergyman lifted her down from the carriage and was a little puzzled when she said, "Lift me carefully or you'll spill a lot of tea."

There were the choir-boys too. After practice Miss Lloyd would provide a lovely breakfast for

them on the back-stoep of the Rectory. These breakfasts were certainly not remarkable for decorum. A number of people had come from faraway corners of the parish and were being entertained in the dining-room. The hullabaloo on the back-stoep grew deafening and one of the visitors, with disapproval on her face, looked out.

"The choir-boys are throwing butter-pats at each other," she exclaimed in horrified tones.

"Shut the door!" commanded the Rector, "I used to throw a pat or two myself when I was young." When there was an evening social in St. Margaret's School, Mr. Darragh would invent new ices and try them out on Sheelah and be guided by her opinion regarding various combinations of chocolate and raspberry flavouring.

Mr. Darragh had brought the Sisters of St. Margaret of East Grimstead to Johannesburg in the year before his wife died. These noble women had left their beautiful English home to live in the slummiest part of the mining-town in order to care for the poor and suffering and

degraded in their own houses. They helped all without regard to class, creed or nationality, but their work was largely among the Natives and Coloured people.

One of the Sisters accompanied Mr. Darragh on one occasion when he took the Blessed Sacrament to a dying Coloured woman in the slums.

"His fatherliness and care dignified that poor soul as one whom it was a privilege to serve," she said afterwards.

After the Anglo-Boer War, his great concern was for the orphans, both Afrikaans and English. He gathered a few of them together and put them in the care of the good Sisters of St. Margaret. He had them first in cottages in Fordsburg, moving them later to better localities until they landed near Turffontein Race Course. The racing people were very good to them, owing to their respect for the Reverend Darragh, who eventually procured four stands at Rosettenville and established there St. Mary's Orphanage. The Bishop came and blessed the new building and

chapel. Mr. Darragh insisted on his little orphans dressing for that day in old-world white muslin caps and fichus like the girls of the famous old Foundling Hospital in London. He loved them all and encouraged them to grow up like children with families and be natural and fearless. He was very proud when his foster-family of English and Afrikaans children numbered a hundred.

Not only the poor and lowly loved him. The rich and successful loved him too. Even mining-magnates turned to him in days of disaster and doubt. Although he was a poor man himself from choice, he understood the difficulties and the anxieties that great riches bring. Said one very wealthy parishioner, "When I have been with John Darragh I am always lighter in pocket and in heart."

In a very few years he had founded, too, a school for boys and girls at St. Saviour's on the Village Main Mine, St. Monica's Home for rescue work, a library and a club for men. He tackled anything he thought evil with relentless energy. When first it was proposed to have

sports on Good Friday, he visited in person every office on the Stock Exchange and every business house in the city to enlist people against the scheme.

He was the founder of St. John's College and saw Lord Milner lay the foundation-stone of St. Mary's Hall. Thousands of men, women and children passed through his hands.

"What do you do when you can't remember a face?" someone asked him once.

"I nearly always do. But when I don't I ask, 'How is the old trouble?' It invariably works. Men tell me of their health and women of their husbands and long before the end of the story I remember who they are." But his health could not stand up to the strain. He had laboured unceasingly for twenty-one years. By 1908 he felt he could not go on.

Sheelah was quite a small girl still when they left Johannesburg. Few people have ever had such a sendoff. Every class and colour thronged the platform. All his parish was there, as well as numbers of the Afrikaans-speaking community,

the Jewish Rabbi and the little black children of St. Cyprian's School.

In England he preached for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and did light parochial work. He lived for a while near the British Museum, afterwards spending a year at Hawarden to fulfil the only personal ambition he had ever had. He wrote a thesis called "The Resurrection of the Flesh" and his own old University of Dublin gave him the degree of Doctor of Divinity for it. It had meant much research into early Christian writings in which his profound knowledge of Greek and Hebrew stood him in good stead. It delighted his heart when his old parish of St. Mary's in Johannesburg gave him his Doctor's robes for this great occasion.

But the English climate did not suit the delicate ageing man. He came back to live in the pleasant home of his wife's relatives in Durban. Sheelah had taken her degree in London, had married and had gone to a lonely part of Kenya. Now he chose and sent her all the clothes for her

first baby. The flame of life was burning very low.

"You should write an account of your early days in Johannesburg, Dr. Darragh," said somebody.

"I do not feel strong enough to conjure up memories of those tempestuous years," he replied a little sadly.

Peacefully and happily the sixty-eight years of this shining and vigorous life drew to a close. He had seen his grandchild. He was in a sunlit haven with those who loved him most.

The streets of Johannesburg were thronged with people one day late in 1922. Prince Arthur of Connaught was visiting the Rand. He was surprised at the motley crowd of every race and colour.

"What is happening?" he asked.

"It is one of the builders of this city," he was told, "he has come home to be buried among his friends."

One of his parishioners said, "He came a poor man. He lived among us a poor man. He left us a poor man. He came to us a simple parish priest.

He lived among us a simple parish priest. He left us a simple parish priest. That is really all there is to say."

His spirit was like a fire burning to warm all who were lonely and cold.



Fanny Buckland

A GREAT HEADMISTRESS

The day started very early in the rambling house under the trees. Topsy, the little Hottentot girl, was laying the breakfast-table on the verandah.

Out of the door came a lanky schoolgirl with bright eyes and curly hair.

"Quick, Topsy. I want to eat now. I still have some work to do before I go to school."

"I'll hurry, Miss Fanny," said Topsy. She disappeared and came back with a plate of porridge.

"You're early to-day, Fanny," said her father coming out on to the stoep.

Fanny chewed hurriedly, swallowed and said, "I have'nt finished my homework. I don't understand it."

"Is it the sums again?" asked Cecil Buckland. He looked at his watch, "I'll eat quickly and then I might just have time to go over them with you. I have to catch the quarter-to-eight to Port Elizabeth again this morning."

Soon father and daughter were bent together over the open exercise book.

"Yes, now I understand," said Fanny after a while, "why can't I do arithmetic? I like everything else, especially chemistry and natural history."

"Well, so you should my dear, with our tradition of scientists in the family. You know my uncle was Frank Buckland, the famous naturalist."

"That's why you're so clever, Father. Miss Watson says you're the best-informed man she ever met."

By this time the stoep had filled with children eating their breakfast round the big table. They all arrived at different times, according to when they had to be at school.

Mrs. Buckland turned up last of all. She was a delightful woman and all her ten children adored her. She had had thirteen and had lost three, but there still were more than enough to keep her bustling about the house from dawn till dusk, despite the competent English servant and Topsy, who was a willing little thing,

responding happily to the very kind and considerate treatment she received in this household.

Mr. Buckland kissed his wife goodbye and went off to catch his train. In dubs and drabs, with their satchels on their backs, the boys and girls set off down the broad street along which coursed a water-furrow from the river. They walked under great trees and through fields to the Uitenhage High School. Here and there houses stood in large gardens, while the hills rose in a green circle all around the pretty little town.

It was a fine school and the children were fortunate in their headmaster, Mr. F. H. Bryce, who was an Oxford man and a friend of Charles Kingsley, the great writer, who wrote *The Water Babies*.

In the afternoon they all came home very hot from their long dusty walk. Until their father returned in the evening they were busy with their homework. Then came dinner and after that all the family sat on the stoep drinking coffee.

Fanny loved the cool evenings, when friends would pass by and join them for a talk. Often Mr. Bryce came too. Very quietly Fanny would sit in the dark outside the ring of light thrown by the paraffin-lamp on the table and listen to him and her father talk about books and pictures and music and places right outside the experience of the average little girl living in a small Eastern Cape village in the eighties of last century.

So they grew up, all those happy boys and girls in the house under the trees. Then came the great event which influenced the course of so many lives in our country, namely the finding of the gold on the Witwatersrand. The little town of Uitenhage was just as excited as the rest of South Africa, but a whole year passed before the Bucklands trekked up to the goldfields.

Many of the children had married and left home by October, 1887, when they went to the Rand, but Alice, Fanny, Beatrice and Cecil were still with their parents. They lived first in a little

house in Noord Street, near the present Park Station.

Fanny had been in Johannesburg a week, before she said to a friend, Mrs. W. J. Quinn, "I want to start a school. I wonder how I should set about it."

"There's Mrs. A. D. Alexander, from Kimberley," said Mrs. Quinn, "she has two girls, Muriel is only a baby, but Isabel is big and she wants very badly to find a teacher for her. They arrived just a little while ago. Poor little Isabel was so hot and dusty, she looked around for a bathroom in the hotel, and found a tub of water in a room, went inside, locked the door and got into it, till the landlord thundered on the door and shouted: 'Get out! Get out! That's our drinkingwater!'"

Fanny laughed. Next day she picked her way between the huts and the shacks, till she found Mrs. Alexander in a small wattle-and-daub - affair in what is now Jeppe Street, opposite the Rand Daily Mail offices.

"How glad I am you've come!" exclaimed Mrs. Alexander, "I do not want Isabel's educa-

tion to suffer because we've come here. I realized that it will be difficult to keep up the standard we've been used to." As she spoke she brought out a delicate china teaset from a cupboard and spread the cups on the table at which Fanny sat.

"Your furniture is very much above the usual packing-case standard," said Fanny smiling.

"Oh yes, we brought all our good things. My husband even transported our piano up here for us by ox-wagon. But do you know that the diggers have commandeered it? They spent all last night dancing to it up and down the street. We didn't sleep a wink." She laughed ruefully and continued, "Isabel and I will miss it so, but they explained to me that it was too precious a thing up here to be the property of any one person."

"I have been looking round," said Fanny sipping her tea, "and there seems to be no building suitable for a school."

"You could use this room for the time being," suggested her hostess.

"That's most generous of you," was the grateful reply.

Fanny glanced round the living-room. Its walls were of rough brown mud. A sheet of calico was stretched over the top to form a ceiling. Now it flapped as a gust of wind shook the frail little house, but there were no houses really worthy of the name in the camp and Fanny realized that her new friend was making a great sacrifice.

"Do you know French and music?" asked Mrs. Alexander.

"I can read a menu and I can play my piece on the piano," said Fanny with twinkling eyes.

Meanwhile Isabel had been sitting very quietly in the corner, listening with interest. She liked the tall energetic young woman with the bright eyes and the thin clever face.

School began next day with one pupil, one room and one teacher. Mrs. Alexander had asked Fanny to bring as many pupils as she could collect. Before long there were a few more, including three or four boys. They had a gay time in the little mud room. The mice scampered over the calico ceiling during lessons and the whole structure threatened to upset in

the wind. Fanny had very few qualifications and had passed practically no examinations. But she was a teacher who loved to teach and there was many a well appointed schoolroom in the world beyond the horizon, where children learnt a great deal less from far better trained teachers.

More and more families arrived on their ox-wagons and more and still more children were brought to be taught by the new teacher. Buildings were going up all around and soon Fanny and her school had passed out of what she later called the "Wattle-and-Daub Age" to the "Corrugated-Iron Age". For a while they were housed in a building near the old Telephone-Tower. Then they moved to a galvanised-iron room belonging to the Baptist Church in Kerk Street.

Now there were about thirty pupils. Many of these girls became her life-long friends. There were Rose and Alice Rens, Olympia Zoccola, whose father owned the Grand National - one of the first hotels - and Mary and Lisette Dunbar, the daughters of Sir Drummond Dunbar. Mary and Lisette lived in a house near the toll-gates

opposite the present University. They had a lonely walk to school over a veld path. Fanny insisted on all the girls coming to school in batches, as there were many doubtful characters about.

The girls had a very great respect for Miss Buckland. She was tall, straight, strict, very bright and a very interesting teacher. Her sister, Miss Dora Buckland, helped her. She taught music. Alice and Beatrice also taught in the school.

All sorts of exciting things happened. Lisette Dunbar released two white mice during lessons, causing consternation among the staff and delight among the pupils. Blue-eyed golden-haired Olympia Zoccola had a birthday-party and her father entertained the whole school in the hotel.

"You can all have a holiday to put your hair in curl-papers," announced Fanny in the morning, amid great rejoicing.

There was greater rejoicing still, when, in 1892, the first railway from the coast finally reached Johannesburg. There had been drought

and consequent famines, when the ox-wagons had not been able to reach the town fast enough to feed the ever-growing population. Now the railway meant an end to food shortages and transport difficulties. The girls of Miss Buckland's School had a holiday. They sat on the embankment above the Pretoria Bridge and cheered loudly as the engine with its coaches full of passengers puffed in. Many of them had never seen a train before.

There came a time when the Church required the school-premises for its own use. For some years an American mining-engineer called Perkins had been living in Johannesburg. His wife, Mrs. H. Cleveland Perkins, felt she would like to do something for the town before returning to the States. She had been interested in education in her own country and now she offered to finance her friend, Miss Buckland, in building a school.

So Fanny was able to buy three stands in Leyds Street. Her numbers increased and she had to put up an extra galvanised-iron classroom and acquire a nextdoor cottage. She called

the school after Mrs. Perkins' only son, Cleveland and it was known as Cleveland High School for years, until she was advised to change the name since it might lead to people thinking it was situated at Cleveland near Germiston. It was also thought to be not a representative enough name for the pioneer girls' school of Johannesburg. It was often called just "Buckland's" or even "St. Buckland's", since it was fashionable then to call schools after saints.

"And so I slipped into the calendar quite inadvertently," Miss Buckland explained in later years. Now Miss Friquet joined the staff - a dynamic Frenchwoman, quite unacquainted with the word "failure". You had either learnt your work or you had not with Miss Friquet. No apologies were accepted and no compromise. She swept her pupils through every examination that came her way and much of the school's success was due to her electric personality.

Miss Buckland had been three weeks in her new premises, when the Jameson Raid caused a panic in Johannesburg. Everyone thought there

would be war and she was left without a single pupil. However, things quietened down and gradually families, who had fled from Johannesburg, returned once more.

One afternoon Mr. Lelie the gymnastic instructor, was holding a class. Suddenly there was a great dull thud and the whole building shook. An excited chatter arose from the girls as they asked each other, "What was that?"

It turned out to be the terrible explosion at Braamfontein, when a truckload of dynamite blew into the air and many were killed and injured.

Quiet years followed. Then came the South African War and the school was closed down. All the English left the Transvaal and the Government commandeered the buildings as a school for Miss van der Hoven's pupils. On one of the crowded refugee trains Miss Buckland travelled to the Cape, arriving at the Queen's Hotel, Sea Point in the spring of the year 1899.

Here she stayed for a year-and-a-half, until one day she received a letter asking her to

return to Johannesburg and start up the school once more.

She accepted gladly, being heartily tired of her enforced holiday. The adventurous journey back to the Rand took five days. She found the playground overgrown with cosmos. Among the waist-high flowers her heart failed her at the thought of getting everything going once more single-handed. It was still wartime and very few women could get permits to return, but she was allowed to send for Miss Friquet from Durban and her sister Alice from Cape Town.

With great difficulty she found a few native servants to clean up the school. They turned up only when they felt like it however and often she herself had to sweep and dust after the girls had gone.

There was to be free education in the Transvaal. As yet Miss Buckland had not enough pupils to allow of her having three teachers. The school-inspector frowned and said, "If your numbers do not increase, Miss

Buckland, I am afraid I must transfer your sister to another school."

"Oh no, you won't," exclaimed Alice.

That afternoon she combed Doornfontein. From house to house she went asking for pupils and managed to raise about a hundred - more than enough to enable her to stay on. In these early days there were little boys in the kindergarten too.

Now the Government decided that there was to be an afternoon session. The children and their parents were very indignant. Miss Buckland was required to please both the authorities and the pupils. So she called the children together and said, "We'll have dancing in the afternoons."

The girls were delighted. Nothing could have been better fun than those dancing lessons. One afternoon sixty-four girls were learning to dance the lancers. Miss Friquet played the piano and Miss Buckland stood aloft on the platform beating time. An exceedingly good time was being had by all.

Unheard in the deafening din the door opened. A tall goodlooking man stood in the doorway. He looked puzzled, he frowned, but gradually he smiled approval. There were several people with him. Now Miss Buckland looked up and saw them. Very selfpossessed, she inclined her head in greeting and let the girls finish the figure before she went to meet them. It was Lord Milner and his escort on their first official visit to the school. Rather to her surprise, instead of objecting, he expressed himself as well pleased, and insisted on more dances, which he watched.

"I enjoyed myself immensely," he stated as he said goodbye.

On January 20th, 1902, Miss Buckland's became a Government School with eighty-one pupils. By the end of the year there were over two hundred. So quickly did the numbers increase, that she advised the Government to buy some stands in Twist Street. Today this is the Twist Street School. At this time the school was divided into two departments, the High School and the Preparatory.

The girls played hockey on Otto Square in Doornfontein. They had no coaching and no uniforms, but a great deal of fun. Their brothers and friends cut the grass with sickles till Miss Buckland had the ground levelled by a gang of convicts. She was far ahead of her time in realising the need of physical education for girls. They had four hours gym a week and she even allowed them to take off their skirts for vaulting. In 1904 tennis and cricket were started at the school.

When Otto Square was not available, the girls cycled to Bezuidenhout Valley and played cricket on the paths there among the rank grass.

"They look very nondescript," said Miss Buckland one day gazing at the playground full of girls in dresses of every imaginable cut and colour. Next day she announced, "You are all to wear plain skirts and blouses."

That was the first attempt at a school-uniform. They still sported any kind of collar or tie.

"Black tunics," decreed Miss Buckland next.

So they turned up in black gyms anything from two to ten inches below the knee. At first games and gym were taught by men, but later the school boasted a games and gym-mistress. Horror was aroused in the breasts of neighbouring housewives when the new games-mistress appeared in a tunic six inches above the knee.

"Don't wear it outside the school-building," commanded Miss Buckland, who was having an uphill struggle emancipating the women of Johannesburg.

In the Leyds Street days most of the girls had bicycles, as there was no other means of transport. They strapped their books to the handle-bars and mudguards. Wealthy parents had their daughters driven to school in carriages and they were very generous about lifts.

The matriculation-class was in an old kitchen. It consisted of about five girls round a small table. They were too hot in summer and too cold in winter, but they learnt well and were happy there under Miss Buckland herself and the teachers who came to work for her and fell

under the spell of her personality, so that they stayed a whole generation and eventually taught the children and grandchildren of their former pupils.

Meanwhile in 1898 the mining-magnate, Barney Barnato, had built himself on a large piece of ground a beautiful country-residence costing £80,000. He died at sea before he ever saw it and it was inherited by his nephew, Solly Joel.

In the year 1910, through the good offices of Sir Edward Solomon, Solly Joel made the school a gift of Barnato Park consisting of eleven acres of ground and a stately mansion. The gift was to commemorate Union. The Boys High School occupied the house, while new premises were being built for them. After they had moved there they became famous as King Edward VII School and Miss Buckland moved her girls to Barnato Park. That was in 1912. She inherited from the brother-school a long row of very uncomfortable galvanised-iron classrooms, in which the school had its being until the present fine brick building was put up. The preparatory school used the

wood-and-iron buildings, until they in their turn acquired a new school across the road.

The mansion meanwhile was known as Joel House. Miss Buckland went on leave overseas. She bought a number of beautiful pictures for Joel House, which was to be a boarding-department for the ever-growing school. The reputation of Fanny Buckland, who had passed no examinations but who knew how to teach and above all how to organise a big school, had passed far beyond the limits of Johannesburg. People from mines along the Reef, farmers from the High Veld, Rhodesians, inhabitants of small dorps with inadequate schooling wanted their daughters to have the benefit of the famous school she had founded.

Joel House began with ten boarders, but very soon it was full and has remained crowded to capacity to the present day.

Five years after Union Solly Joel visited Johannesburg. He felt like giving a party, so he invited all the teachers and all the girls. He had marquees erected in the grounds and a tea prepared such as school-girls dream of but never

hope really to experience. Every girl and, every teacher was given a box of chocolates. There were several enormous crackers suspended above their heads as ornaments; one in the form of a yardlong submarine served to remind the girls of the terrible war that was being fought across the sea. A band played on the lawn and another in the hall, where artists from the Empire Theatre gave turns on the stage. Sports were held on the hockey-fields for which beautiful prizes had been presented by Mr. Joel, who was besieged by girls each clamouring that he should wear the colour of her particular form, till he was decked like a Christmas-tree from head to foot with bits of coloured ribbon. The party cost him £500 and many a sedate grandmother talks of it still with the light of other days in her eyes.

Fanny spent all her leave travelling extensively in Europe and Asia. In 1922 there was a general strike in Johannesburg. No trams ran and girls walked to school and back many miles from distant suburbs. Miss Buckland felt the responsibility keenly, for she had boarders whose

fathers and brothers were on the mines and in danger of their lives.

One day there was a pitched battle on Ellis Park not very far from the school.

"We'll have sports to give them something else to think about," Miss Buckland announced to her staff. They ran and jumped and leapt over hurdles on the hockey field, but all the time they could hear the shots.

"What is that?" demanded the girls.

Always with adroitness she managed to bring their attention back to the sports and it was not until the danger was over that she explained things to the boarders.

The sound of bombs awakened them next morning. This time the girls were out of bed in their dressing gowns and on the balcony before anyone could stop them and they watched the aeroplanes over Fordsburg, while she spoke reassuring words to them in the background, till the strain left the young frightened faces.

It was a great relief when the strike was over. Fanny Buckland was growing old. One of her last acts, however, as headmistress of the

school, was to organise a Fancy Dress Garden Party in the grounds in order to raise funds for those who had been injured in the strike. Of the proceeds she gave £100 to the natives who had stood so loyally by the Europeans and prevented what might have been terrible bloodshed.

She had been headmistress for thirty-five years. Nearly 7,000 girls had passed through her hands, many of whom had made names for themselves in the world of art, literature, science and on the stage. There were few dry eyes in the school on the day she said goodbye and left on her trip to South America.

Five years later she paid the school a visit. On that memorable summer-day there was a guard-of-honour right through the district made up of every Old Girl that could be rounded up. Through the endless lines she passed, of girls she had taught and loved. They cheered her till they were hoarse and the air echoed with the young glad voices. She was as gay and happy as any of them, but those near her could see that her eyes were full of tears.

The end came after a short illness on the Riviera in March 1939 and she was laid to rest in the beautiful cemetery on the hillside at Mentone.

So passed Fanny Buckland, who perhaps did more than any other single person for Johannesburg's children.

James Gray - A FOUNDER OF CHURCHES

There has always been a close bond between Afrikaners and the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, since many of our ministers came from Scotland to take over Afrikaans parishes in this country.

James Gray, who was to found the Presbyterian Churches, not only in Johannesburg, but also in Harrismith, Pretoria and Rhodesia, was born in Eddleston near Peebles, the tenth son of the village grocer. There were thirteen children and James grew up happily playing with his brothers and sisters in the woods and fishing for trout near the old stone castles and the cottages where his ancestors had lived, until, at sixteen, he was sent to Edinburgh University to study for the ministry.

He helped to pay his way, teaching the wild little children of the colliers on a Welsh mine. He taught them English with a strong Scots accent, which they invariably discarded at the schooldoor for their own melodious tongue.



Later he taught at a boarding-school in Newcastle-on-Tyne, which had been attended by Robert Stephenson, son of the inventor of the locomotive. He took examinations, while he taught, returning to Edinburgh now and then for lectures. At twenty-four he was a city-missionary in the slums of Dundee.

It was in the misty rain-drenched town of Wooler in Northumberland that Mr. Gray was ordained a minister. While he was here a unique honour was done him. He was asked to come and take over the English Church in Amsterdam, which had been the last one where the Pilgrim Fathers had worshipped before leaving for America. However, he had grown to love his flock so much that he declined the invitation.

James Gray had a bad cough. The doctor said, "Young man, if you would escape an early grave, go to South Africa."

It was with a heavy heart that he left the cold raw little town that had grown so dear to him. He landed in Durban on April 10th, 1883, and was met on the quayside by Sir David Hunter, head of the Natal Railways, who had been

asked by overseas friends to receive the young minister, before he went on to his parish of Harrismith.

Mr. Gray spent a few days in his new friend's house and met there an American missionary, the Reverend Josiah Tyler, from Esidumbini near Tongaat.

"Come and see me in Harrismith," Mr. Gray asked the scholarly old man, who had impressed him greatly. Mr. Tyler gladly agreed to do so.

Nine days later Mr. Gray arrived in Harrismith and settled down very happily in the little town, a large proportion of whose inhabitants were Scottish by birth.

One day the Reverend Tyler arrived for a short holiday as he had promised. Mr. Gray was very interested in missions and asked him many questions. So far he had met only town natives.

"I am anxious to meet the primitive Zulus," he told his friend.

"Come and visit me at Esidumbini," said Mr. Tyler, "my wife and I will be delighted."

The young parson went to Esidumbini in the following winter. A native with a pony had

been sent by the Tylers to meet him at Verulam. Mr. Gray followed him through the sugar-estates, but the native was soon far ahead and he lost sight of him. However, there was only one road, so he did not worry.

He came to the Umhloti River and the pony bent down to drink so suddenly that its rider shot over its head into five feet of water. He was still far from strong and had another seventeen miles to ride in the wintry chill. He called for the boy, but there was no sound. Accordingly he retrieved his hat, which was floating downstream, restored the saddle to the pony's back and remounted.

"The pony probably knows where he lives," thought the Reverend Gray and gave it its head. At one o'clock sure enough he sighted the mission on a hill-crest. It was a lovely place, which the Reverend Tyler had established when he and his bride had come from America in 1849. As he approached, Mr. Gray saw that it stood in a dreamy garden with a view that rolled on forever over the Valley of a Thousand Hills. Mr. Tyler came out to meet him.

"We expected you an hour ago. And you told me you were a true-blue Presbyterian, but you have come as a thoroughly emersed Baptist. What does this mean?"

"Your guide deserted me," explained poor damp Mr. Gray, "I have wandered over the hills wherever the pony would go and as I am drenched to the skin from a fall into the river, will you please give me dry clothes?"

Immediately all was bustle. Little Mrs. Tyler, frail and gracious, called, "Mary! Susan! " and two daughters came and were introduced.

They were ironing his clothes, when the native arrived and was soundly rated by every member of the family in turn, who refused to listen to his excuse that he thought the Umfundisi knew the way. Finally they sat down to a late dinner with Mr. Gray looking extremely uncomfortable in the clothes of a shorter and stouter man.

It was a delightful visit. The Tylers were all clever and entertaining and Mary was so lively that Lady Hunter in Durban used to protest that she had to lie down on her bed after a visit from

her. On the Sunday Mr. Gray preached to the natives. He spoke about the dassies who live in the rocks and the natives were surprised at how much he knew about them. Ever after they called him "the dassie preacher".

Mr. Gray visited the Tylers again at Christmastime and this time he asked Mary to marry him. "You must give me time to think over it," she said. The rest of the family strongly approved of him, all except Susan, who dreaded losing her sister and said, "I just wish I'd known his intentions. I'd have taken the biggest knobkerrie and driven him off." Back in Harrismith the Reverend Gray wrote to Mary almost daily telling her of his busy life as a pioneer parson. He sometimes rode thirty to fifty miles to give a sermon or baptize a baby. He arranged musical evenings for his parishioners and went on 98 botanical expeditions to distant kloofs: Mary was slow in giving him her answer. Once he wrote to her:

"It seems as if you would never speak the reassuring words. Don't laugh, but when I think of many other girls, who, in everything

but words, have given me the answer to the question I have not asked, I confess that your slow and cautious' weighing of the question was a new experience."

At last, in March, 1886, the Reverend Gray and Mary Tyler were to be married.

At dawn two little native girls came rushing into the mission calling, "He is coming - the Umfundisi of the dassies!"

Mary ran out to meet him. Her mother had invited large numbers of natives, for she wished them to see a Christian wedding. There were numbers of English and American guests too. The church, which was a glory of arum lilies, was too small for them all and the Reverend Tyler performed the ceremony outside under a lovely old tree.

The native men gave Mary a Zulu Bible and the women an elaborate piece of needlework while the children, whom she taught, brought her 100 bracelets. The Christian natives in their clothes and the heathen ones in their feathers and beads were treated to a feast, a cow being especially killed for them. After-

wards they were entertained to a conjuring show and were staggered at the rabbits that came out of hats and the half-crowns that rained from the sky.

The young couple went to Howick for their honeymoon, but were recalled after only a few days, as Mrs. Tyler had been taken dangerously ill with pneumonia.

When she was out of danger, Mary bade her a tearful goodbye and then left for her new home.

The Manse at Harrismith was alive with flowers and kind friends, the pantry bursting with food, the table spread and Mr. Gray's old Zulu boy, Duzanene, was ready to receive them. He looked at Mary and said to his master, "The inkosakaas is all right. I will work for her all my life."

And he did, in good times and in bad, for twentyone years.

Among their first visitors was President Brand of the Free State, who attended their church on Sunday and heard Mr. Gray preach.

Gold had been discovered at Barberton and Mr. Gray was asked to go, and see if there were

need for a Presbyterian Church there. He was reluctant to leave his bride after only six months of marriage, but duty called and off he went to Newcastle to take the overcrowded postcart. Rain had fallen in the night and the freshness of the morning soon set the passengers singing German and Irish songs, according to the land from which they hailed. Mr. Gray boomed forth Scottish songs to everybody's delight.

On passing Majuba the talk turned to the first Anglo-Boer war and Mr. Gray said to a fellow-passenger, "The Boers retain a faith in God, which in times of difficulty or danger, seems to bring them into close grips with the Almighty."

At Lake Chrissie he stayed with Mr. Simmer and Mr. Jack, after whom later the Simmer and Jack Gold Mine was to be called. Mr. Simmer himself took him on the last lap to Barberton. They passed through Badplaats, where hot healing springs ran into a rocky basin. It might have been a beautiful place, but was squalid in the extreme with a drunken man in charge, who would give them no food, although they had eaten nothing for many hours. The food all

along the route was bad beyond description with undrinkable tea and half-raw bread, except at the last stop where a woman gave them an excellent meal, although she had to cook it all over an open fire in the veld.

The last twenty miles of road were so bad that it took them seven-and-a-half hours to cover them. He spent some days in the little village of Barberton. Most of the houses were built of galvanised-iron. He preached at Moodie's, a diggers' camp away from the village, and in the Exchange Buildings.

In a few weeks' time he was home once more in Harrismith. Their second year there was a sad one, for their first baby died and Mary lost her mother. But the great world moved on. Gold had been found on the Witwatersrand and now it was there that Mr. Gray was told to go and see what the Presbyterian Church should be doing for its people.

He arrived by mailcoach on a Wednesday. The only place he could find to sleep in was under the counter of a store. Next morning he set off to find somewhere to preach in on

Sunday, but every store with vacant floor-space was engaged. On his way back to his bed under the counter he saw workmen busy on a new building.

"It's a new hotel for Mr. Sam Height," said one of them.

Mr. Gray went inside. The floors were not laid yet, but off he went to find the contractor.

"I see the flooring joists are laid in the dining room of Mr. Height's hotel," he said, "do you think you could have that room floored and ready for church on Sunday?"

The man looked at him in amusement and exclaimed, "Impossible!"

"Are you a Christian?" asked Mr. Gray.

"Yes, I am."

"Then for the sake of your Master and mine, won't you have it ready?"

"If you put it like that, I will try, sir."

So Mr. Gray sped to the printing office of Johannesburg's first newspaper and ordered the printing of a small handbill announcing Sunday's service. Next morning they were ready and the Reverend Gray tramped the Camp' and

distributed them personally to every house and business-place in town. A Mr. Boon lent him planks for seating and the firm of Parker Wood's provided the paraffin-tins to lay them across, while someone else lent a packing-case and drapery for a pulpit. The Chief Constable was a Scot and he lent Mr. Gray all the prisoners in the gaol to carry everything to the hotel. The convicts enjoyed the outing hugely, especially the coffee and buns they received as a reward.

By Saturday afternoon the floor was ready and some Scots tradesmen soon had the seating installed, the windows glazed with calico, candles placed on chandeliers and wall-scones and the pulpit put up.

The services were crowded out. A list of members for the new church was made and sent to the Natal Presbytery. Just at that moment, the Reverend Andrew Allan arrived in Durban. He took over the Johannesburg congregation, which James Gray had founded, and built up the present great parish of St. George's Church in Noord Street.

The Grays had been four years in Harrismith, when a call came for them to open a church in Pretoria. Just before they left a little daughter was born, Marion Amethyst. The family drove up to the Transvaal in an overcrowded coach.

They were nearing the Rand, when the driver said to Mrs. Gray, "Do you see those clouds of dust? Well, that is Johannesburg." They passed hundreds of wagons loaded with building-material and drove through streets full of potholes and stones. After a night in Johannesburg they went on to Pretoria.

The Grays stayed with friends while they waited for their household goods to follow them from Harrismith to Pretoria by wagon. Through the carelessness of a native driver a load toppled over and fell into a river and all their lovely wedding-china and their best furniture were wrecked. It was a sad loss to poor Mrs. Gray, but her husband said, "Thank God my books were spared."

After three months they moved into a cottage, which was in so bad a state, that on the first Sunday the paper fell off the walls on to

their dinner-table. In June little Frances Helen was born and next day President Kruger laid the foundation-stone of St. Andrew's Hall, which was to be used until the new congregation could afford a church.

Meanwhile Mrs. Gray lived in terror lest the babies should fall into the well behind their house, which all the neighbours used and often forgot to cover. The fungi under the floor of the Reverend Gray's study were as big as cabbages. At last they moved into another house, which was infested with vermin. Finally they found a pleasant Manse and here they stayed for years, making a lovely garden and a haven for many who needed help and friendship.

Mr. Gray ran a Church Debating Society. The members often complained that they had no books to refer to when preparing their speeches. One day Mr. Gray was listening to a court case. He was leaning against a big wooden box. Looking inside he saw it was full of old books. He asked the State-Secretary, Dr. Leyds, if he might have them to start a library. Later he

collected funds and bought books in England. So began our State Library.

One evening a young chemist's assistant, called Roderick Jones, spoke at the Debating Society. Afterwards Mr. Gray said to him, "You are a journalist born, young man, not a chemist's assistant."

"I wish I could take up journalism," replied the young man wistfully.

So Mr. Gray got him a position on a Pretoria paper. That was the beginning of the career of Sir Roderick Jones, who rose to be managing-director of Reuter's Agency, that world-wide organisation for the sending out of news. A generation later Sir Roderick wrote to his old minister, "I owe to you, my dear old friend, my actual start in the profession which has treated me so generously."

That year Bessie was born and while she was still a baby, they all went on furlough to England and America. They met Olive Schreiner, the great South African authoress, on the boat. She suffered terribly from asthma and Mr. Gray sometimes helped lift her. She loved

children and insisted on seeing the little Grays every day, while she enjoyed talking to Mr. Gray on religious matters, saying he never ruffled her, as did other parsons, for she had unusual ideas.

It was a disastrous journey. Bessie was vaccinated and developed erysipelas, while Frances caught Scarlet Fever. The whole party was put ashore on a quarantine-station on reaching the States.

"Mother, what does s-m-a-1-1-p-o-x spell?" asked Marion.

Mrs. Gray realised that they were in a small-pox ward. Soon, however, the sick children were removed to a hospital in Boston. After many weeks Frances rejoined the family. The doctor did not realise that she had developed scarlet fever, until she infected Marion, who died after a few days and was buried in the Connecticut village, from whence her grandmother had hailed.

It was a terrible grief to go home without her. Mrs. Gray was desperately ill on board. It was Christmastime when they reached Cape Town and old friends received them with great

kindness. Their arrival in Pretoria, too, was brightened by the flowers and Christmas-toys which filled their house. Duzanene and the other native servants came weeping to ask about Miss Marion and Mr. Gray could hardly walk about the town, so many stopped him with words of sympathy and love.

Very often Mr. Gray would drive over to Johannesburg to preach in the church he had founded. Now there was a railway running past it and the congregation was growing larger and larger. During one year of serious water shortage, Mrs. Gray had to carry water with her from Pretoria in bottles, so that they should not use the meagre supply of the friends to whom they were going.

One day a dull thud on the roof of the house in Pretoria caused the Grays to look up and wonder whether someone had thrown something on to it. Very soon afterwards the news reached Pretoria that a whole truckload of dynamite had blown into the air at Braamfontein. Immediately Mr. Gray set off for Johannesburg. The road from Pretoria was full

of people driving and riding over to help. Among them was the state-coach containing Mr. Gray's friend, the State-President Kruger, whom he visited very often and with whom he was on excellent terms.

The district of Braamfontein consisted largely of corrugated-iron houses, which had collapsed and buried many hundreds of people. For days Mr. Gray worked among the ruins. He helped to take the injured to the Wanderers Hall and the Showground at Milner Park, which were used as emergency hospitals. He sat by many a bedside and helped the poor sufferer through the dark valley to the peace beyond. He saw, too, how the old President stood and wept by the bedside of some little girls, who had been playing and had been killed still holding hands. The rich people of Johannesburg contributed generously, so that before twenty-four hours were up, enough money had been raised to provide for all the bereaved and injured.

The birth of little Alan brought sunshine back into the lives of the Grays, who still

mourned for Marion. Then came the South African War and Mrs. Gray and the children reluctantly left for Natal. On the crowded train, Frances asked, "Mother, what is a refugee? I don't like to be called a refugee."

"Our Lord Jesus was a refugee when he left Bethlehem and went to Egypt."

"But, Mother, President Kruger is our friend. He is not like King Herod. He wouldn't hurt our little Alan."

Mrs. Gray agreed and sighed and wished more people had the simple kindly outlook of her little daughter.

After they had left, Oom Paul sent for Mr. Gray and advised him to leave too.

"What about my parish, my house and my books?" protested the minister.

"I will take charge of your books and your house and see that all are kept carefully for you."

The old President had the Seal of the Republic put on the door of the Manse. Mr. Gray went off and was Chaplain to the Scottish Rifles. When he was recalled to come and take

over the State Library he had founded, he found his books just as he had left them and the Seal unbroken.

Soon after they were all together again, Mr. Gray went to Rhodesia and started the Presbyterian Church in Bulawayo and Salisbury. Leaving the children with friends he and his wife had a second furlough in Egypt, Palestine, Italy and America. Tragedy struck again. Their clever resourceful Frances died of mastoid trouble. A call came to them from Grahams-town. While they were there, the First World War broke out and claimed as a victim the fair-haired Alan, their only son.

It would seem that life could hold no more sorrow for the ageing clergyman and his wife. But Bessie was failing in health. Gladly they received a call to Clifton Presbyterian Church in Johannesburg, for they felt the climate of the town, where Mr Gray had established the church, would save their only surviving child.

But Bessie died and the two old folk were alone in the little Manse on the tramline. Now Mrs. Gray's brother visited them from America

and bought them a cottage in Kensington, where they sat surrounded by their memories.

Young people climbed the steps of the high stoep and listened to their tales of old forgotten days. On his eightieth birthday the Reverend Gray as a pioneer clergyman of Johannesburg, laid the foundation-stone of the lodge and gateway of Pioneer Park, to the memory of the pioneers of the goldfields, while in the following year the University of the Witwatersrand conferred on the old man the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Laws.

Many years ago he had proposed that a statue be built to the memory of David Livingstone. Now he was chosen to deliver a lecture at the unveiling of the statue at the Victoria Falls.

Dr. James Gray passed away on November 18th, 1938, at the age of 86, a man greatly loved in the land which had given him back his health, and which he had served faithfully all his days.